

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

THE odd tricks which memory plays are sometimes quite inexplicable, and if we endeavor to account for them we wonder why it is that so many things are left unrevealed while odd glimpses are given to us of most unimportant things in the past. A newspaper paragraph stating that King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, visited Canada in 1860, brought back to me a few oddly assorted memories which had remained buried in my mind for a good many years. I was coming six years old when I went with my father and two sisters to see the reception to the Prince of Wales in Guelph. I remember the platform built to some sort of a pavilion; the dense crowd which welcomed him; the figure of the Prince as he hurried over the footway to the pavilion, and that there was a speech, and that he hurried away. This recollection may be entirely opposed to the history of the event, for he may not have been in Guelph at all, but the shutters in the camera of my memory have this little picture behind them. I remember that my father, who was an enthusiastic Englishman, bought me a large and succulent gingerbread horse to celebrate the day; also that I fell down and broke the horse all to pieces and was severely chided for my carelessness. The next memory is not so distinct, but it is of little lines of light around the blinds which had darkened my room for months. I wanted to know why the room was dark, and if they had saved the pieces of the horse. Many weeks had passed, and I had had inflammation of the brain, or something of that sort, not brought on, I imagine, by any enthusiasm over the Prince of Wales, but it was something which kept me from seeing a school-house or an alphabet table till I was between eight and nine years old. Nevertheless, I remember the gay and boyish face of the man who is now King, and it seems appropriate that the darkness of that shuttered room which followed my first recollection of Edward VII. is now the passing gloom which surrounds his coming to the throne because of the love which is felt for his mother and the grief which enshrouds her departure.

THE period of mourning which has been prescribed seems to me to be more extended than necessary. Still, those who have the best knowledge of the impulses of the Empire are those who have directed the movement that mourning shall extend into next month. Of course the wearing of nothing but black goods will be the ruin of those merchants who cannot extend their accounts until the time when the Empire of Great Britain resumes its normal condition. In the colonies this will have but little effect, but in London, where the life of the tradesman depends upon the life of the nation, the disaster will be very severe. It seems to me a sorrowful proposition that under any circumstances the death of a sovereign should mean the commercial destruction of people who are struggling for a livelihood. Yet the whole world has to wag as a world, not according to the tastes of an individual. Our fates seem to depend upon the fates of other people, and the great fate of all seems to be in the hand of One who controls not only the individual fortune, but the universal good. That small things get out of our reach and that which we are accustomed to enjoy occasionally becomes impossible, is a matter which we will only destroy ourselves in trying to control. As time and its wonderful attributes develop its hardships, its cruelties and its opportunities, we find our places. All would be well if we could only find our place in the next book. When Time is succeeded by Eternity, if we could just turn up the place and resume our reading of the story which has no beginning and no end, we could be reasonably happy. The misfortune of humanity appears to be that the story neither begins nor ends. Why we are here, or where we will be next, is left for us to guess. Probably the conundrum is easy and we will find its solution without the slightest trouble. The trouble we take to adorn our persons with apparel satisfactory to others, the trouble we take to obtain food and to find shelter, will astound us when we meet the full proposition in the Elsewhere.

SUBSCRIBING to popular funds has become a part of our business, like paying taxes and providing meal tickets for mendicants. How far it is an ennobling or praiseworthy thing it is difficult to judge. One thing is evident, and that is that this thing carried to an extreme will so deaden the public appetite for good things that the majority of people will soon refuse to hearken to the cry of charity. It is now proposed that by public subscription a statue shall be reared to her late lamented Majesty Queen Victoria. It may be that in the public heart there is a desire to contribute something for a statue, or for some institution to commemorate her reign. My belief has always been, and will unalterably remain the same, that what is done for public people should be taken from the public purse. I believe that everywhere throughout the British Empire in those places where we display the figures of those we have reason to love, a statue of Her Majesty should appear. The greatest artist in the world should design the figure, and throughout the Empire that figure should be displayed. I think there is no way of defeating the popular impulse towards the recognition and maintenance of a monarchy more certain in its destroying influence than the clamor for a public subscription. People will give money to such an object when pressed, but they feel that the tax is unduly levied upon them. I believe in the exhibition in our public parks of the figures of those who have demonstrated their greatness and have done something for the good of the people, but I also believe that the people as a whole, as a tax-paying body, should pay for these things. If these things are worth while, as they certainly are, everybody should contribute. If it is not a matter in which the whole people are concerned, then no space should be permitted in any public park, and no location should be granted for the statue of a person who is not admittedly a person of some importance. Let us give up for these things through our taxes. Let the great governing body of the province or country decide if a thing is right, and then proceed to do it without any passing around of the hat or the taking up of paltry subscriptions. In a patriotic and loyal way we frequently defeat the object intended to be served, by forcing people to do that which they would not otherwise do, on the ground that they are no greater beneficiaries of a magnificent reign than others. All these movements, it seems to me, should be the work of the whole people. If it be not established that this is the task of the Dominion, Provincial or municipal governments, our best men will remain unremunerated, and our statutory will be of a very occasional and unimportant sort.

I think I am voicing the opinion of the whole Canadian people when I say that we have been done to death with subscriptions. All sorts and conditions of people, to make themselves prominent, or to get a commission, or to fill their idle hours, have been chasing subscriptions for all kinds of things. Let us do all these things self-respectingly. I think I pay enough taxes to feel that I am not evading the monetary issue, and consequently urge the doing of these things without passing around that terrible

institution, the plate in which nickels and quarters, dimes and dollars, rattle so obviously that one feels the cheapness and nastiness of a thing which even an itinerant evangelist would be ashamed. If we are to have statues of Her Majesty, let us pay for them as a people, for it is not dignified nor graceful to take up collections for those in whom the whole body politic have an interest.

THE contributors to the Ottawa and Hull Fire Relief Fund will be glad to know that an octavo volume of 121 pages has been issued, descriptive of the outbreak of the fire and the payment of sums to the sufferers. The names of the contributors occupy 70 pages, and the total cash handled by the committee amounted to \$95,962.77. The cost of administering the fund was nearly \$15,000, not much more than a cent and a half on the dollar, which is not too much considering the expert advice and examination which was necessary to a proper allocation of the relief. Mr. J. C. Browne was the administrator and treasurer, and I feel proud to report that he has throughout absolutely refused to accept a single cent as an honorarium for his indefatigable labors. At the final meeting of the committee it was insisted that he should accept \$2,400 in recognition of his services, but this Mr. Browne positively declined to take. I have not seen the report, but am quoting from the Ottawa "Citizen," whose editor has satisfied himself of the facts. As contributors to this fund are to be found almost all over the world, Mr. Browne's unselfish zeal will do much to convince those who should never have been let contribute to a Canadian fund of this sort, that what was subscribed has been properly applied. The printed report will be sent to the contributors, but now that this question is about to be dropped, I again urge those who have to do with such things that never again anyone outside of Canada be permitted to subscribe for a fire, famine relief, or patriotic fund which concerns Canada only. Let us attend to these things ourselves. We are able to. Nothing is so destructive of our dignity and the posture which we must occupy in the

one who has protected them, not the alleged outraged woman. The outraged woman, as a rule, is a personality which should be avoided. She who proclaims her troubles to the world is generally the one who has created nearly everything of which she complains. It seems to me, since the facts have been dragged out of M. Delpit, who has been slow to defend himself, that the only issue which this case has developed has been that civil law must supersede ecclesiastical rule everywhere in this Dominion. While that is the case, the man who is suffering all this abuse should receive reasonable treatment. He no doubt has his own troubles; and that he has been so slow in giving them to the public and so exact when circumstances demanded a fuller statement, ought to be in his favor. The more we scrutinize the affairs of our neighbors and the tendency which we have to interfere, the more it seems to me that we are justified in minding absolutely our own business.

THERE is no one who is so generally disliked as the I-told-you-so person. People are generally inclined to believe of themselves that they are as well informed and have as much foresight as is given to anyone of the race. Nevertheless, it is a conspicuous fact that those who seem to believe their mission on earth to convert the heathen were unduly bitter in their criticisms of "Saturday Night" when this paper stood almost alone in its protests against the conduct of missionaries in China. Some rather bitter paragraphs made in reprisal and in self-defense against a denominational journal may be recalled as one of the incidents of the stand I took with regard to the missionary complications as provocative of the war which is now being carried on in the Flowery Kingdom.

Where are we "at" now in this Chinese missionary business? There is not a paper of any influence anywhere which is defending the missionaries. The whole progress of events since the beginning of the disturbance has been towards the enlightenment of those who have been giving of their small means to the so-called Christianization of

appeared, and I am quite safe in prophesying that the raising of money for the reorganization of Chinese missions will be found to be a very difficult task.

TALKING about the Chinese, is the civilized world aware of what will be the result of bringing the Chinese into the light of modern competition? Suppose that we succeed in relieving 300,000,000 people from the thralldom, as we call it, of heathenism. What will be the result? We place in competition with the industrial world 300,000,000 of the most expert imitators, the cleverest mechanics and the cheapest laborers that could be found on the face of the earth. Why, in the name of everything sensible and commercial, should the industrial world try to waken up this nest of hornets which will destroy the value of labor and the incomes of those who exist as middlemen? One generation of dismemberment of China would mean the building of factories and an output of goods which would absolutely swamp the industrial countries which have been building up their trade for hundreds of years. Make China what the missionaries pretend they are trying to make it, and the rest of the world would be brought down to a Chinese level of wages and mechanism. The greatest revenge that time will wreak upon those who are interfering with China will be in the direction of seeing China what Great Britain, Germany, France and the United States are trying to be—the climax of industrial productiveness. The ungodliness and injustice of the interference of the civilized powers with China will find its retribution when Chinamen at ten cents a day are competing with civilized labor at two dollars a day. Without seeming to understand what we are about, we are preparing for an industrial revolution in the twentieth century, and the letters on the wall spell C-H-I-N-A. It should have been warning enough to the old nations of the world to see the quiet revolution which has taken place in Japan. The Chinese are as capable as the Japanese, and when we force the new things upon them there will be a nation confronting us which will have to be reckoned with, and then, and possibly not before, we will recognize the sleeping dog that we have awakened.

AN old employee of the city of Montreal who had spent forty years, the best years of his life, in the public service, was compelled to submit to a reduction of his salary from \$900 to \$600 per year. He was over seventy years of age, and a married man. He had saved nothing out of his modest salary in a city where living is far more expensive than in Toronto. He doubtless looked forward to receiving his nine hundred dollars a year until he died in harness at the work he had performed so long. It was not an extravagant or ambitious dream for an old man. When they told him that he must take three hundred dollars less or go out and look for another job, he was afraid he and his family could not live on the reduced salary, and he walked out and put an end to his existence. The story is inexpressibly touching—the more so because we all know that if the city of Montreal is at all like other municipal corporations it is squandering thousands of dollars in unnecessary or wasteful or corrupt channels while pursuing a cheese-paring policy that has already caused the suicide of two of its officials. The old man who preferred death to the reduction of his salary by a third after forty years of service was doubtless foolish to do as he did. If his family were unable to live on \$600 a year, how much worse off will they be now, with the grey-haired breadwinner forever stilled, and the disgrace which the world accords to the suicide as their only legacy. The poor old man might have submitted to the reduction, for half a loaf is better than none at all, but he could scarcely have hoped at his age to ever be better off in his old place or to face the world over again and find some new employment. There are some who will think it was cowardly for him to take his life and leave the solution of the problem to loved ones. But how many of us can confidently assert that under similar circumstances we should not be tempted to do likewise? It is a fearful thing to face old age with the spectre of want in the background, and to feel oneself humiliated by the certainty that one is an encumbrance, no longer able to earn what the employer has been accustomed to pay. The moral of the Montreal case is that, no matter how modest an income may be, a portion should be regularly put aside for the proverbial rainy day, especially if a man happens to be dependent on a soulless corporation for the wherewithal to exist.

NO more surprising statement has been made in the series of truly fearful and wonderful press despatches to which we have been submitted since the Queen's death, than the one that Her Majesty regularly paid taxes on her private income. The statement has been repeated more than once, and seems to be accepted as correct. Nobody can suppose for an instant that this was anything but a voluntary act on the part of the head of the State. If it is true that the Queen was an income-taxpayer and that the regular succession duties will be paid on her private estate, her course throws into strong and disagreeable contrast the attitude of the churches and their clergy, who, with scarcely an exception, are more than willing to take full advantage of the favored position they occupy under the law. Now that the preachers are talking so much about the beloved Queen's example, suppose they follow up their words with deeds and pay their taxes like common citizens, as she did.

WITH the great tax which is being placed upon the people and which they must accept without a murmur, for the care of the unfortunate, it is satisfactory to know that the deaf and dumb are not increasing in number, and that the blind are decreasing in this province. We are assured by the report that the attention paid to the eyes of the children of Ontario is reducing the number of those who have to be educated and cared for at public expense. Almost every doctor has some knowledge at least of the causes and effects of bodily ailments which the eyes demonstrate. Every village has its doctor, and the makers of spectacles and eye-glasses find market for the goods everywhere. Just why the eyes and teeth and voices of the children of to-day should need so much attention is inexplicable. In the past, probably the ailments of the children have been unattended to, and now we have problems which should have been solved long ago. With regard to insanity and all the troubles which afflict the masses, we are probably paying for centuries of inattention. That we are beginning to find the end of these terrible disorders is certainly a gratifying sense that there is a conclusion to everything.

Dr. Osler, in writing of the medical developments of the century, pointed out that disease and death have been so far brought under control that the terrible agonies of the past have been dispensed with. There are terrible and racking pains which must come to those who are afflicted with certain diseases, but medicine has so far developed that the indescribable agonies have been dispensed with. Science has discovered means of making sickness and death a controllable quantity. People must die, of course, but they can die painlessly. People must be



THE QUEEN'S LAST RESTING PLACE AT FROGMORE.

eyes of the world, as to appear to be mendicants or the willing recipients of charity which we do not need.

MONSIEUR DELPIT, whose ecclesiastical separation from his wife, annulling the marriage, has created so much excitement amongst the Protestants of Quebec, has at last declared himself, and I must confess that my sympathies go out to him. At the time the matter was under discussion I suggested that it would probably be found that there was another side to the question. It is infrequent, indeed, that we find a question with only one side to it, and I ventured the remark that in the lives of the people concerned there was probably an issue into which the public should not enter. Having been browbeaten by the press and the Protestant associations in Ontario and Quebec, M. Delpit has reluctantly published a letter which lets some light in on this unfortunate affair. Looking at the whole question aside from such prejudice as we naturally feel against ecclesiastical law overriding civil proceedings, we must recognize that M. Delpit has his friends and his arguments, otherwise he would not have been sustained so long in his position as secretary of the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec and a leader in the social functions which have for their patrons those who are esteemed the godly and well-behaved people of the neighboring province.

M. Delpit tells us that his wife was a shrew, that his children were abused, that he brought his mother and father and sisters from old France to take care of the neglected children. He robs us at once of our feeling that he was trying to do an evil thing to the children who had been born to him. We find him the nurse and the ministering angel, and, on the other hand, we discover the wife as the tyrannical and person opposed to any such happiness as a man naturally hopes for matrimonially. He appears to have told his story only under compulsion, and as his wife was desirous of divorce we can easily see that the Catholic impulse of M. Delpit inclined him towards an annulment of the marriage because his religion forbids divorce. It seems, on a careful scrutiny of the facts, that he has no aim except to separate himself from a woman who every day created for him unhappiness. Without doubt he has cared for his children, and, as he points out, their legitimacy is not imperilled by a putative marriage.

We who live in Ontario and have very distinct ideas with regard to what is right, might quite well divest ourselves of inordinate concern with regard to M. Delpit and his family. The agitation may prove beneficial in settling a question which has been open. The settlement of this question, however, cannot be facilitated by the extraordinary violence of religious conventions which pronounce for the woman without regard to the facts. The man Delpit has a right to follow the law as he finds it, and if he finds the procedure easier to annul the marriage than to arrange a divorce, he has a perfect right to his contention. Many a time has the vixen in a domestic dispute received the endorsement of those who think they understand. In his letter M. Delpit points out that his children are protected. As we learn the facts of the case we find he is

China. Every press despatch, every voice which comes from the Orient, tells the same story of such conduct on the part of the supposed Christian troops as must neutralize, if not destroy, all Christian endeavor that has ever been made in China. I do not say it because I am anxious to defend the position which was so violently assailed, yet nowhere have we found an excuse for the political selfishness of the Christian missionary in China. The selfishness and aggressiveness of missionaries who have seized important buildings and have refused the military and hospital authorities lodgment, though the latter came to their rescue, are so badly and atrociously un-Christian that these incidents have found no apologists anywhere.

The true story of Chinese revolt against the missionaries is gradually being told. It is evident that these patient and peculiar people have not the slightest prejudice in the world against Christianity. They are willing to learn any religion, and, moreover, it has been established that they have practised principles which may be as easily classified as Christian, as Confucian. The whole source of irritation has been the domineering and intolerant spirit of those who sought not only to extend Christianity, but to establish for themselves a sphere of government opposed to the Chinese ideas and ambitions, and likely to lead to the intrusion and prevalence of foreigners and their commerce. Nothing has been more clearly demonstrated in any war or controversy than that China has made no fanatical religious outcry. The whole basis of the trouble has been commercial and with regard to the permanence of government and the retention of China for the Chinese. As we exclude Chinamen, we certainly should have had sufficient regard for the decencies of life to permit the Chinese to exclude foreigners when those foreigners, under the guise of religion, have seemed at least to be working the destruction of the Chinese Empire. We can hardly fail to sympathize with those millions of people who toil like ants and think of nothing but the duties of the day and the graves of their forebears, when they resent the incoming of missionaries who swagger about as the mandarins of the Chinese towns dare not do, denouncing the religion which has lasted in the Mongolian Empire since many centuries before Christ was born. Probably if for a moment we placed ourselves on the same plane with these that we consider misguided people, we would find ourselves touched to the quick by the incoming of those who scorned not only local prejudices, but race ideas and a deeply revered religion, in their attempts to change the people with the most ancient history on record from what is naturally theirs to what a few enthusiastic and probably unhappily equipped missionaries considered a better thing. I think that with the Chinese I have a right to remind the readers of this page that there are places into which no one should intrude. I am not fond of the yellow men of the Orient, and I do not consider that their business is my business, but having received such a bitter castigation at the outset of this unfortunate affair, I think I have the privilege of calling attention to the fact that I was not mistaken in my position. Those who were so cheerful in figuratively fastening me to the whipping-post are now silent and have dis-

sick, of course, but the agonies of their sickness can be reduced to a minimum. And so the world rolls into the new century with a sublime confidence that medicine, inaccurate as the science may be, can at least relieve us from the horrible torments of dissolution. This much, at least, is a very great gain upon the slow gait of the past, which ordained that every man must die with all the horrors inflicted upon him of diseased nature and the spasms of pain which come to him as his share.

A GRAND kick is being made by the newspapers against the policy of the Pan-American Exhibition managers to spend all their advertising money in circulars and private appeals to localities, while paying not a cent to the newspapers which have made the possibility of the Exhibition a success. The attitude of this paper with regard to the Tin-Pan exhibition in Buffalo has always been the same. It is a scheme for the benefit of Buffalo, and may, in the general course of events, do some good to other localities. Had I been Premier of the province or the Dominion, I should have expended nothing for the benefit of Buffalo, which has never been anything but a pestiferous enemy of Canada. If the newspapers of this country are wise they will keep absolutely silent with regard to the tin horn game that is being played over the border. There is no reason why Canada should contribute a dollar or a single spectator to the show which is being run by speculators for the benefit of a city which has been the chief exponent of the general Yankee notion that Canada is a thing to be squeezed like a lemon and thrown aside. We asked for a Dominion exhibition in Toronto as an offset to the Tin-Pan show in Buffalo. The proposition was a business one as far as Canada was concerned, but we got nothing. The Provincial and Dominion authorities have some money to spend on Buffalo, but they have nothing to spend on Toronto. I think the exhibition is not one that is calculated to enlarge the Canadian heart. Perhaps those who are spending the money on Buffalo instead of Toronto can defend their administration, but it does not seem to me defensible.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE," which seems from month to month to become a little duller than it was before, has an interesting article in its editorial department regarding the beautifying of schoolhouses. Those of us who can remember the old fight between the rate-bill and the free school will have some idea of how slowly the old community took hold of the idea that the education of the child, no matter whose child it was, was a part of the public duty. We are confronted with a less complex and a much more inexpensive proposition when we are called upon to decide whether we shall make the schoolhouse, which is really the nest in which the young citizen is hatched, as beautiful as it ought to be. A sense of beauty and appreciation of lovely things, a desire to be surrounded by beautiful objects, should be cultivated in every Canadian child. Without doubt the easiest way to divest ourselves of coarseness, bad taste, and the improper and debasing companions which an undeveloped appetite for the beautiful creates, is to surround the babyhood of our citizenship with everything that can possibly develop the best side of it. Certainly this is not being done by the barrack-like schoolhouses in the country districts. The bare walls and the blackboards of the city schools are not supplying what unfortunately so many of the homes of the children lack. Even if we can give them nothing better than chromos and reproductions of works of art, the wall of every school should be warm with color, the eye of every child should be full of beautiful figures and the dreams of painters and poets. Life will be just that much more beautiful to each child who learns that art does not consist of making filthy chalk marks on the walls and fences, on the sidewalks and telegraph posts. If you fill the infant mind with beautiful things there will be a great chance of crowding out the indecent and objectionable features which develop themselves to the eye of every adult who passes the vacant walls and glances occasionally at the sidewalk where a boy with a piece of chalk declares his mind to be unoccupied with proper things. We prate much about teaching morals to the boys and girls. The best way to teach them is through pictures; the best way to get at them is to hang the pictures on the walls of the schoolrooms where they spend their little lives while their characters are forming. It would cost but a trifle to decorate every schoolroom in Canada with reproductions of the finest pictures in the world. How can we hope to produce artists and lovely, high-minded people, whether they be girls or boys, if we do not offer them something to look at beside the blackboard and the teacher, who from term to term disappears, either hated or loved as the chance may be. An extra expense of fifty or a hundred dollars would make the schoolhouse pretty instead of a little four-cornered shack, yet farmers in convention assembled think this hundred dollars an extravagance. It is not an extravagance; it is a small subscription to make the mind of the child larger and more beautiful. No ornament can be put on the country schoolhouse or the city schoolhouse which is not an ornament in the mind of the child. Our crass materialism, our avoidance of doing the right thing, is being reproduced in the baby that stands at our knee. If we lack beauty of character, the adornment of the mind, we must blame ourselves that we do not furnish the beautiful things which beautify character.

HATRED as a motive passion has almost disappeared from our literature. It is unsafe for a dramatist or novelist to make any character in his drama or story hate in the old-fashioned way. This must mean that Christ's gentle mission of love has overcome, even in the godless plays and stories of the time, that at one time tremendous factor, personal hate. This is a great accomplishment for Christianity, and one for which we should all be thankful. If we could only believe that personal loves were as strong now as they were when personal hates were prevalent, we would have still further reason for congratulation. I am not old, yet I can remember when hate was as strong an influence as could possibly move families, clans and communities. I had the good or bad fortune to live amongst people who loved and hated with equal violence. Love was an unaffected passion, and the hate which grew out of the narrowness and bitterness and cursedness of small lives was an element which could never be disregarded. I can remember the days very well when barns were not safe from burning nor cattle from being killed, and when human lives were not held sacred when a feud or some imaginary insult had to be expiated. I would gladly divest myself of the strong instincts of revenge which were then inculcated in every youth. I do not imagine that I ever perfectly learned the golden rule, and I fear that until the day I die I will never recognize its full meaning, but there was in that somewhat tempestuous past a sensation of being right and being willing to perish for what one thought was the proper thing, which I shall never despise.

The old days have been crowded into the past by rules which forbid many perhaps crude and cruel methods of settling personal differences, and we may have a new era of love, which is much preferable, and is indeed much safer, but I am not quite convinced that human nature can be educated to love strongly and not hate at all. We seem to be growing into a milk-and-water period where we calculate all our likes and dislikes so accurately that the self-interest of everyone can be easily reckoned by their devotion either to a cause or a person. It is no doubt better that it is so, yet there are times when one, looking about for one's friends and seeing them all so devoted to self-interest, fears that we have become so neutral that neither love nor hate can control us beyond the arithmetical calculation of what will profit us. What will profit us no man can calculate with exactness, for if we lose our individuality and so dilute all our tendencies that nothing but the weakened potion is ever offered to the lips of our loves or our neighbors, the worth of being alive is lost.

Hatred is now used in literature only as a motive power

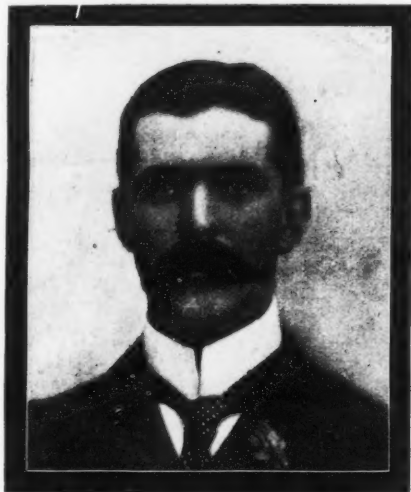
amongst the ignorant, those sequestered from civilization, and those who are fanatical in their devotion to something which only history can make us acquainted with. Love is the chime which the bells all ring, and which the lives of the majority make ridiculous. Love, as described in romances and as preached in the pulpits, is a beautiful thing, but it is not fully lived. Our laws are so arranged, as are our behavior and our donations, that the unfortunate, the criminal, and those unable to take care of themselves must be provided for. Yet it is still a question whether the lovingkindness of the individual or communal heart has been enlarged; indeed, it is a very serious question whether, so much responsibility having been removed from the individual, the sordidness and secretiveness of the soul have not been increased. Each man and each woman wonders how the other man and the other woman live, and conjointly they contrive to make it seem that the others have but little right to so gentle an existence as they seem to enjoy. Nobody can afford to hate, because it is vulgar. We profess a liking for everybody; we all engage in the general amusement of helping everybody along whose progress we cannot stop. Just where the old-fashioned hatred has gone, and how it has been disseminated, and how it hampers the progress and interferes with the happiness of others, every dear reader can judge for himself. I am afraid it is all here. The wisest cannot but suspect that it has taken new forms instead of ranking boldly in the breasts of those who once fought their battles without care for the loss of limb or life. Nothing, we are told, disappears from nature. Everything is conserved; everything which appears to disappear is given out in some other fashion, and I cannot but believe that the human family still retains in a different form that disregard for human life and happiness which once made the family and communal feud a thing which had to be reckoned with in all the intervals between birth, marriage, and death.

Social and Personal.



THE Royal Grenadiers will furnish the guard of honor next Wednesday for His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor at the opening of Parliament. There has been much questioning as to whether the last Assembly of the three usually given by this popular regiment should follow the fate of its fellow last season, and be given up altogether. This, it appears to me, will quite depend upon the date of the expiration of the season of military mourning. I have been told that this will probably last until the third week in April, not at all too late in the post-Lenten season for a very successful Assembly. In view of the many interests which must unavoidably suffer by reason of the wholesale cancelling of big social functions, it is hoped by many public-spirited people that the last Assembly may yet be held after Easter.

Lieutenant W. H. Nelles, who died of fever at Bloemfontein on Wednesday, was a soldier in Canada as well as in South Africa. He served in the rebellion of 1885, and was a graduate of R. M. College, Kingston. Lieutenant Nelles was an engineer, and volunteered for Strathcona's Horse, afterwards receiving a commission in the Com-



THE LATE LIEUT. NELLES.

mander-in-Chief's Body Guard. The picture of this brave young soldier will interest many of our readers, as his family connection is very large in Ontario, and held in high esteem.

The latest order in regard to military mourning has reduced the former order to a simple band of crape on the left arm, which is to be "en regle" at the military church parade this afternoon.

Immense interest and discussion have been evoked even in this far-off though patriotic suburb of the Empire, over all the small points in connection with an observance of the interment day of our dead Queen-Empress. What music should be played at the parade exercised the colonels and bandmasters not a little, all wishing to have music suggestive of the tremendous feeling stirred in every soldier's heart by the sad service, and selections being desired which would add materially to the impressiveness of the hour.

Mr. Thomas Davies some time ago purchased a new residence, No. 56 Wellesley street, and Mr. and Mrs. Davies and their sons are now nicely settled in their fine home. Mrs. Davies will receive on the first and third Mondays, beginning with next Monday.

The postponed dance to be given by the High Park Golf Club will be held on St. Valentine's night.

The memorial meeting of the Woman's Musical Club on Thursday morning was one of the most earnest and interesting expressions of the feeling which predominates all others just now. The members came in black gowns, the room was beautifully arranged and draped, a portrait of the late Queen being prominent, wreathed with festoons of mourning. The programmes were printed in royal purple. Only four artists took part—Miss Florence Marshall, who played a Beethoven Sonata, Op. 7, the Largo; Mr. David Ross, who sang a group of touching songs set by Liza Lehmann, from Tennyson's "In Memoriam"; Miss Hilda Boulton, who played the Handel Largo from Xerxes, breathing profound feeling in every note; and Miss Lulu Craig, who sang most beautifully, "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth." Mrs. Sanford Evans was in the chair, and expressed the gratitude of the one hundred and fifty persons present to Miss Grace Boulton, who arranged the memorial meeting, mentioning as a special thought the wonderful goodness of the late Queen to the musical profession, and her love of the divine art. Among those present were Dr. Scadding, Mrs. Scadding, Mrs. A. Burritt, Mrs. Leighton McCarthy, the Misses Brock, Thom, Heaven, Street, P. Smith, Pearson, Graham, and Miss Campbell of Carbrook.

Lieutenant Taylor, of the Second Mounted Rifles, arrived in town from South Africa on Thursday. Miss Agnes Nairn has been visiting in Montreal. Rev. Fred G. Plummer has been a victim of gripple. Mr. Beverly Fauquier,

of Sault Ste. Marie, is visiting his aunt, Miss Muttelbury, 77 Grenville street. Miss Helen Macdonald, daughter of Dr. A. A. Macdonald, is spending some time in Montreal and Quebec. Miss Bowie, of Brockville, is visiting Mrs. Robert Myles. Miss Bucke, of New Orleans, has returned home, taking with her her lovely young friend, and hostess, Miss Ethel Matthews, of St. George street. Miss Bucke has made a long visit in Toronto and many friends.

Bright and happy words come from Vancouver, from Mrs. Ivan Senkler, who is enjoying her new home very much.

Mr. Alan Sullivan was down on a short business trip from Rat Portage this week.

Mrs. W. J. Wagner, 19 Gerrard street east, receives on the first and second Mondays.

There were well-laid plans among the doughty Argonauts for a fine ball later in the season, which have been laid aside owing to the national bereavement. The many friends of the Argonauts know that their hospitality would only give way to some greater obligation, and hope at some later time to enjoy it.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, of Llawhaden, will leave for Ottawa on Tuesday, to be present at the opening of the Dominion Parliament. Senator Melvin-Jones will take his seat on the floor of the Senate Chamber, where the opening ceremonies are held next Wednesday afternoon.

The Sembrich concert has been finally arranged for Saturday evening next, February 9. It was Madame Sembrich's own desire to make the change. In the absence of all social functions the fashionable world will find relief in elevating and impressive music. While the Sembrich Opera Company is on tour Mrs. C. L. Graff (our charming Toronto) has been in town with her mother, Mr. Graff is the director of this brilliant musical organization.

Miss Houston, who has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston for several weeks, has returned to her home at Niagara Falls.

Latest advices from England say that Mrs. Lally McCarthy is gradually improving, and that Mr. McCarthy and she will sail in a week or two.

Colonel Evans is a much-welcomed visitor in town, and is being quietly entertained by his many old friends.

Miss Mabel Morrison, of Spadina avenue, gives a progressive on next Wednesday evening. Miss Violet Langmuir is visiting her sister, Mrs. Porter, in Buffalo. The weather has been ideal this week for driving, but the smart set have been so loyal that I have not heard of the driving parade which would have otherwise smartened up the afternoon hours to-day.

The foreign Consuls in uniform are to attend the memorial service in St. James' Cathedral this morning, on the invitation of the rector and churchwardens.

A number of dinners were given last week. Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, of Dunedin, gave a couple. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon also gave two dinners. The dinner which was to have been given by Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, but was postponed until after the week of mourning, will take place next Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Strathly gave a couple of dinners, one on Friday of last week and the second on last Monday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark had their young folks' dinner last week.

The engagement of Miss Jean Hedley, of Nelson, B.C., formerly of Toronto, and Dr. Harold Senior, a prominent and successful physician of Rosland, is announced. Miss Hedley's many Toronto friends are glad to send her every good wish for the future.

Lieutenant James Elmsley, who has been invalided home, has arrived in England, where his mother, Mrs. Elmsley, was awaiting him. Needless to say, his family here are delighted with the good news, and so are all their friends.

About the middle of February, a cantata entitled "Neptune's Cave" is to be presented by the young people of St. Anne's church, in St. Andrew's Hall. The cantata is the composition of Professor G. F. Davidson, of Trinity College, aided by another clever Trinity man. The plot includes Neptune, Britannia and her daughters, the water babies, sea fairies and sailor girls, shrimps and oysters. There isn't a lobster at all, except in one of the juvenile choruses. One of the acts takes place at the bottom of the sea. The second act is on H.M.S. Delay, crossing the equator, which Neptune and his attendants visit in the usual style. The third scene is in Neptune's cave, where Neptune has invited the captain, crew and passengers of the ship to a visit. The captain falls in love with a mermaid, who is released by the fairies from a spell, her tail drops off, and she turns out to be a mortal and marries the captain. The cantata ends with a grand chorus of Rule Britannia. About sixty young people are taking part, and the music, dances and songs are very catchy.

Professor Davidson, of Trinity, is recovering from an attack of gripple. Miss Justina Harrison is convalescing after quite a serious attack of gripple, which confined her to bed for ten days. Mrs. Campbell Macdonald has been quite seriously ill for some time, and is now better. Mr. W. R. Riddell was sitting up on Thursday, and is now quite better after his severe illness.

The Author to the Editor.

(A Printed Circular to be Sent on the Return of a Manuscript.)

The author regrets the editor's inability to appreciate a Truly Good Thing.

The rejection of a manuscript, however, does not necessarily imply that the editor is lacking in merit, merely that he is lacking in judgment.

As many thousand manuscripts are returned to him annually, the author cannot enter into correspondence with each editor personally concerning the deficiencies of his taste. Nor can the author give his reasons for considering the editor blind to the best interests of the magazine.

Because, as an editor, he does not meet the present requirements of the author does not argue that he would not be successful elsewhere—in some other position. He might make an excellent dry goods clerk or an entirely satisfactory coal stoker.

(Signed) THE AUTHOR (per Himself).

—Roselle Mercier, in "Life."

A Curious Fact.

It is strange, remarks New York "Town Topics," that the three great ages of English history should be named after women—the Elizabethan, the Queen Anne, and the Victorian ages. France alone of the Continental countries has an age—Le Siècle de Louis XIV.

Horrible!

"An idiot knows," said Rex the Riddler, "that the real reason the Boers sleep with their boots on is that they want to keep De Wet from defeat. But can you tell me this: Why cannot a deaf and dumb man tickle nine women? You'll never guess it. Give it up? Well, a deaf and dumb man can't tickle nine women because he can only gesticulate. See?"

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Social and Personal.

MRS. W. J. WAGNER gave a very successful masquerade at her residence in Gerrard street on Friday, January 25, for the coming out of her daughter, little, and her niece, Miss Leonie von Pirch, of Berlin, who is spending the winter here. The costumes were gay and handsome. Conspicuous among the many original characters was "The Giant's Baby," personated by Mrs. (Captain) Heron. Mrs. Emile Boeckh as a gypsy was gorgeous, and Mr. Paul Hahn and his sister Anna made a very charming Faust and Marguerite. Among those present were Mrs. Von Pirch, Mr. and Mrs. Rochereau de la Sabliere, Captain Heron, Mr. and Mrs. Heintzman and the Misses Heintzman, Herr Nerlich, Mr. and Mrs. McColl, Miss Ina Fenwick, Dr. Rose, Dr. Powell, Dr. Coutts, Miss Dolly Jacob, the Misses Kay, Mr. and Mrs. Cable and Miss Edith Cable, Miss Annie Petrie, the Misses Sheppard, Dr. McKenzie, Miss Dottie Boeckh, Dr. Carter, the Misses Wright, Mr. D. E. Kilgour, Mr. Walter Adams, Mr. and Mrs. King, Misses Currie, Dr. Curry, and a great many others. The music was furnished by D'Alessandro's orchestra, and altogether it was one of the most enjoyable events of the season.

Mrs. Gunther and Mrs. J. B. Laidlaw have changed their reception day from Thursday to Friday, and will not receive again until Friday, February 8.

Mr. Will G. Reilly of Ottawa, late of Toronto, was married a few days ago in the latter city to Miss A. I. Stewart, daughter of Mr. Mathew Stewart of the Toronto branch of the Assistant Receiver-General's Department. Mr. and Mrs. Reilly have taken up residence in Ottawa.

Miss Mattie and Miss Ella Winnett of Beverley street are visiting their sister, Mrs. Clements, in Cortland, N.Y., and before returning will visit friends in Baltimore.

A marriage has been arranged between Miss Winnie Macdonald of "Oaklands," and Dr. Barrie, who has lately returned from South Africa.

Lieut. Emmitt Clarke of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, Ottawa, left for Stanley Barracks, Toronto, on Thursday to take a cavalry qualifying course of instruction.

Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., has been appointed president of the Dominion Bank, as successor to the late Sir Frank Smith; and Mr. W. D. Matthews succeeds Mr. Osler as president. The vacancy in the directorate has been filled by the appointment of Mr. J. J. Foy, K.C.

Mrs. Gwynne Dundas is visiting her mother, Mrs. Osler of Wellesley street. The many friends of Mrs. E. St. George Baldwin of St. George street are glad to hear of her convalescence after a severe attack of grippé. Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith of Sherbourne street have gone south for the remainder of the winter. Mrs. Hunter and Miss Blanche Hunter are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grant of Earl street.

In speaking of the Prentice-Rockefeller wedding, a witness writes me: "The bride looked really charming and radiantly happy; it is a decided love-match. Her dress was of ivory white satin, very plainly made, high neck and long sleeves, the waist trimmed with old rose point; the magnificent veil of point lace was fastened with a pearl and diamond brooch, the bridegroom's wedding gift. She wore her pearls (the same as Mrs. McCormick's) with a pear-shaped pearl pendant, her mother's gift; such a pearl! the sheer on it is perfect. Her father's present is a brown stone mansion in 53rd street, just back of the family residence, and they are going to have a private path out through the fences. The bouquet was lily of the valley and white orchids. It was a very pretty wedding and very simple. Mrs. Rockefeller wore a beautiful cream cloth, very handsomely embroidered and appliqued in cream, and diamond ornaments. The house was beautifully decorated. The portiere had been taken down, and there were curtains of asparagus fern caught back with white roses and lilies of the valley all through it. The drawing-room was a mass of lilies of the valley and white roses, and the mantelpiece a bank of pinky orchids. The Moorish room at the back of the drawing-room was exquisite, the coloring of the room perfect, and it had grand palms, and the fireplace and mantel full of poinsettia, with its brilliant scarlet flowers. The hall was full of beautiful palms and ferns and plants, and in every part were huge bunches of American Beauties. It was like Fairyland, and the perfume was exquisite. The gas was lighted, and under soft-tinted globes. The effect was lovely. The bride and groom stood on the stairs under a canopy of white roses, lilies of the valley and ferns and a large bell of white flowers, with electric lights in and out and all through it."

The Queen's order that at her funeral the mourners who follow her remains from Osborne House shall include the ladies of the Royal Family, which has never been equalled in history. The office of mourner has never before been more heartfelt and woeful, and one can easily picture the grief of the true womanly hearts of Queen Alexandra and the devoted daughter, Princess Beatrice, as they follow their beloved dead.

Lieutenant-Colonel R. L. Nelles of 40 Murray street has the sympathy of all in the news received this week of the death of his gallant son, Lieutenant W. H. Nelles, of peritonitis. The Governor-General instructed his private secretary to telegraph his condolences.

Miss Gertrude Radcliffe of Linden street is visiting Mrs. S. J. Radcliffe in London, Ontario. Captain Bert Barker is traveling in an organizing trip to the agencies of the company of which he has been appointed inspector.

The engagement is announced of Mr. George Brown, M.P. for Central Edinburgh, who defeated Dr. Conan Doyle, the novelist, and Miss Mary Elphinstone Nelson of St. Bernard's, Edinburgh. The prospective bridegroom is well known in Canada, as he is the son of the late Hon. George Brown, founder of the Toronto "Globe."

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Henry J. Morgan of Ottawa on the death of his wife, which occurred last week, after a long and painful illness. Mrs. Morgan was a daughter of the late Hon. A. N. Richards, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, and a niece of the late Chief Justice Sir William Buell Richards. Mrs. Morgan was married in 1873, and had since lived principally in Ottawa. She leaves four children, two of whom are living at home. The others are Mr. Albert Norton Morgan, barrister, of Fergus, and Mr. Frank Morgan of the Canada Atlantic Railway. Mrs. Morgan also leaves two sisters, Mrs. W. E. Rowley of London, England, an eminent artist, and Mrs. Harold Senkler of Vancouver.

Mrs. C. Egerton Ryerson, 27 Cecil street, will be glad to receive contributions towards the expenses of the luncheon arranged in connection with the Missionary exhibit in the Confederation Life Building.

Many are the enquiries for Mrs. William Mackenzie at Benvenuto, who had the misfortune to break her wrist by a fall when getting into her carriage. It is to be hoped that the superstition that three breaks must be suffered before the fates are satisfied will not hold in this case. Miss Bertha broke an arm at Christmas, it will be remembered; now her gentle little mother is laid up in a similar manner. It's

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some comfort to reflect that it would be impossible to "break" Mr. Mackenzie, in the popular acceptance of the term.

On Friday, January 25, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson left for a trip south, accompanied as far as Hamilton by their son, Mr. Wilson.

Some months ago the announcement of the engagement of Miss Ethel Linton of Toronto and Lieutenant Eustace M. Harris, Royal Irish Fusiliers, interested the many friends of the young lady in Toronto. Now their congratulations are changed to sincere sympathy on hearing of the death of the gal-

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lanc and intrepid soldier on January 9, while encouraging his men under fire. Miss Linton, I am told, is going to Bedford, England, to visit her late fiancé's family. On January 14 the late Queen sent condolences to Lieutenant Harris's family, and asked them for his photo.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt are touring Canada during their honeymoon. They visited Ottawa and Montreal, and everywhere have been remarkable for their quiet, unassuming

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and retired manner and lack of any smack of the over-millioned.

The death of Mrs. Henry McLaren, wife of Colonel McLaren, took place at her home in Hamilton last Saturday, after a severe attack of pneumonia. Everyone feels very sad over the loss of this dear and good woman, and many thoughts of kindness go to her bereaved husband and children, particularly to her son, Dr. George McLaren, who is on his way to Bermuda for his health, after a severe attack of grippé.



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Curious Bits of News.

The Pharaohs kept story-tellers in permanent employ, whose duty it was to invent new stories, fairy tales, and tales of adventure as improbable as possible. We moderns now possess twenty such stories, found in the course of excavations made during the last ten years. There will be ere long, for modern readers, a voluminous Egyptian literature of romance. Of the twenty novels already published, most belong to the interval 2000 to 1000 B.C.

Fluctuations of public interest in reports from the seat of war in South Africa are shown by the reports of newspaper sales. The chairman of the company publishing the "Evening News," a half-penny London paper, recently stated that on the relief of Ladysmith 964,440 copies of the "News" were sold. On the capture of Spion Kop 630,315 papers were disposed of. On the following day, when Spion Kop was abandoned, the sale dropped to 548,596. Cronje's surrender was responsible for \$35,569.

An electric time alarm which has been patented lately is directly connected to the bed. Underneath the bed is a series of contact-points, the weight of the person forcing them together. A clock is used in connection with the apparatus, and as soon as the hour of rising is indicated the remaining break in the wire is closed, the current passing through the contact-points underneath the bed and causing the bell to ring continuously until the sleeper, by leaving the bed, breaks the circuit. Should he lie down again the circuit is again completed, and the bell rings until the second rising.—"Electricity," New York.

In the course of a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, London, Sir Robert Ball referred to Nikola Tesla's statement that he had received a message from Mars. Whether there were beings in Mars capable of sending intelligent messages to us, Sir Robert could not say, but he gave some idea of the kind of signal that we should have to send in order that it might be observed by the Martians. A flag the size of Ireland would be required and a gigantic flagstaff would be necessary, and even then the signal would only be visible as a tiny speck.

The ethics of kissing in public recently came up for discussion before an Odessa court. The culprits were two young men and a couple of young ladies, who kissed one another while dining at a fashionable restaurant. The judge described their conduct as "shameless behavior in a public place," and sentenced them to a considerable term of imprisonment. They appealed to a higher court, their counsel endeavoring to show that kissing is not a shameful act, but an entirely permissible expression of one's feelings. The court, however, disagreed on this delicate point, and the decision of the lower court was confirmed.

The ingenuity of the inventor is amazing. The latest in the field is a Miss Ellen E. Tyndale, whose invention certainly fills a gap, though it may be doubted whether it will be really practicable. It is meant to check the false fire alarmist, who can at present play his abominable practical joke with impunity, and it takes the form of an automatic alarm post which not only rings up the fire station, but also grips the wrist of the alarmist with a steel bracelet, blows a police whistle, and presents the man with a shilling for his trouble. The prisoner can be released by the policeman, and the authenticity of his alarm can thus be verified. The invention would hardly, perhaps, meet with general appreciation.

The real value of the discovery about salt's action on the heart, said to have been made by a couple of professors of Chicago University, is now stated to be that in cases of great loss of blood by disease or injury, normal salt solution as a restorative will save life, even when ninety per cent. of the blood has been lost. The experiments, which have extended over a period of six months, have, according to the physicians, made practicable a new system of bleeding, and substitution of salt solutions for persons suffering from pneumonia, typhoid, malarial fever, peritonitis, acute and chronic Bright's disease, and all heart affections resulting from the last-named complaint. The professors never claimed that they had discovered the elixir of life, as reported in the yellow press.

In the Hands of the Police.

Smith's Falls Chief Constable Arrests an Enemy.

Peace After a Hard Fight—Robert J. McGowan Captured and Forever Ended Career of the Only Fox He Ever Faced. Smith's Falls, Ont., Jan. 28.—(Special.)—Robert J. McGowan, the popular chief of police, has been for a long time annoyed and seriously handicapped in the performance of his duties by rheumatism and gout. A friend suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills as a remedy. He tried them, and was cured. To-day he is well as ever. He has given the following for publication:

Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.: Gentlemen,—I was recommended to take Dodd's Kidney Pills for rheumatism and gout, from which I was a great sufferer. The pills seemed just to fit my case.

I had been under the care of two eminent and skilled medical practitioners, and I have tried no end of patent medicines, but the first relief came with the first box of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

I certainly recommend them to all who suffer as I used to from rheumatism or gout. I am now perfectly well. If it will be of any service to you, you are at liberty to use my name and testimonial.

ROBERT J. MCGOWAN, Chief of Police. Mr. McGowan's popularity will make the above story one of interest to many people in his neighborhood, and the province generally. What he has done anyone may do with the same means—Dodd's Kidney Pills. They never fail.

Bismarck's Letters to His Wife.

STUNG by the false or partial views of his father ("the man of blood and iron"), that have been presented in some recent biographies, and impelled by filial piety, Prince Herbert Bismarck has published, without a word of comment, with scarce a line of preface, the most intimate correspondence of "the father of united Germany" for history and the world to judge between his "slandered self" and him. These letters were not written for the world at large to read. Yet they have been frankly given to the world by the dead statesman's son, and fill a bulky volume, which is now stirring the interest of every student of German history. There has, we are assured, been no nice discrimination, no timorous reservations. There is no reason to doubt it. For good or evil, the letters reveal the man as those nearest to him knew him.

"I am not all iron," Bismarck is said to have cried out when he heard of the sufferings of the women and children in beleaguered Paris. And from the review of the now-published family letters, by P. H. Oakley Williams in the London "Daily Mail," one can readily believe that under Bismarck's cold, merciless exterior there beat a heart full of love and tenderness.

In a budget that contains over 500



PRINCE HERBERT BISMARCK,
Who has published his father's private letters.

letters of varying length, and covering a period of well-nigh half a century, says Mr. Oakley Williams, the writer deals only incidentally with his public life. There were, it seems, matters that touched him more nearly. "I made a speech last night," he writes often enough, "but you can read all about that in the newspapers; I want to know how you all are at home. How is Marie's cold, and did the camomile pills for Herbert reach you safely? It was worrying me all last night." This at a time when history was in the making, or during a week when the fate of a dynasty was put to the hazard.

The parody may seem exaggerated, but it is not wide of the truth. During the troublous times of the '48 his chief anxiety seemed to be the correct compounding of a prescription for the baby, and his most important business the matching of a rag of chiffon for his wife. In 1851 in his return from the Chambers, on a day when the King and the Estates were at loggerheads, and a dissolution, followed by chaos, if not barricades, seemed imminent, he writes:

"For the last four days, my love, I have been in a state of the utmost anxiety, as, after your last letter, it could not well be otherwise. Has Marie got scarlet fever? Is she alive, are you well, why don't I get any news? Every morning I have been to the post-office, and always in vain. There is no terror of mind I have not undergone during the past few days. To me at once, and never torture me again as during the past four days. You have no idea what it means to be separated from every one one loves, and to receive a letter containing news of serious illness."

Characteristic are the many letters and hurried notes written during 1862.

Books and Their Makers.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS' new book, *The Heart of the Ancient Wood*, is meeting with the highest approval of literary critics. The book is artistic and in keeping with the "woodsey" green background, with the figure of a bear (who is one of the heroes of the story, as well as of the forest), showing against a lonely lake, surrounded by wildwood.

Israel Zangwill is unsurpassed as a delineator of Jewish character, and in his more recent novels, dealing with English life of the present day, he displays the same mastery of style. The *Mantle of Elijah* is English to the core, and has aroused great attention both in England and America (three editions have been issued in the United States within a few weeks). Its keynote is the peace principles of the Manchester school, and considering this fact, to win the plaudits of a press which is daily chronicling deeds of arms in South Africa is an achievement of some note for the author. Unpopular as many of his views may be, his presentation of them commends their consideration.

A King's Pawn suggests an histori-

cal romance, and Henry of Navarre is found to be the central figure of this excellent story. Probably no period in history is so notable for great changes in the thrones of Europe as the sixteenth century. The jealousy between France and Spain never was so marked, and danger lurked on every side. French civil wars, massacres, and assassinations of royal personages preceded the advancement of Henry of Navarre to the throne of France, and Mr. Drummond has chosen some of the most stirring scenes from the great drama of history for the ground work of the plot of his fascinating story.

Mr. Crawford's latest novel is a love story of old Madrid—the Madrid of Philip the Second—and we have no hesitation in saying that it will rank very high among the best of the romances with which this remarkable writer has enriched our literature. It opens strongly, and enchains the reader's attention till the last page. It is intensely dramatic; indeed, it has already been dramatized and enacted with great applause. It sparkles with epigram, and the dialogue is usually felicitous without the least strain or unnaturalness. Its psychology is keen and correct; and the author's marvelous experience, observation, and knowledge of men, furnish new sur-

prises in every chapter. That the period of the story is reconstructed with skill and scholarship does not surprise us; it has long ago been shown that historical knowledge and the historical imagination are among the ordinary resources of this marvelous, versatile man. The art of the story also deserves a word of cordial tribute, for Mr. Crawford is an artist always, and in this book he is found at his best. We realize that we have bestowed very unusual praise on this story of Don John of Austria and Dolores—they are beautiful characters—but we feel that every reader who takes up the volume will share our enthusiasm. The illustrations by Fred Rae are a delight.—From "Ave Maria."

Mr. Frederic Harrison was invited by the London Academy recently to name the two books of last year he had read with most interest and pleasure. Going further than he was asked to go, he replied with enthusiasm that Richard Yea-and-Nay, by Maurice Hewlett, was "the only first-class book of 1900."

The next number of "The Monthly Review"—of which there is a Canadian edition—is to contain an article by the mysterious "author of an Englishwoman's Love Letters." This announcement made in the London journals confirms the opinion that the "letters" were not bona fide. Only three people are said to know the name of the writer.

General Baden-Powell has agreed to write a history of the siege of Mafeking, but will not do it until he gets through with South African affairs. By that time, perhaps, popular interest will have waned.

Henry Harland is busy with a new novel—the only one he has undertaken since the publication of *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box*.

Nora Hopper, the author of many truly beautiful and pathetic poems, is about to be married to W. H. Chesson, an English novelist. She is the daughter of an Irish father and a Welsh mother.

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prizes in every chapter. That the period of the story is reconstructed with skill and scholarship does not surprise us; it has long ago been shown that historical knowledge and the historical imagination are among the ordinary resources of this marvelous, versatile man. The art of the story also deserves a word of cordial tribute, for Mr. Crawford is an artist always, and in this book he is found at his best. We realize that we have bestowed very unusual praise on this story of Don John of Austria and Dolores—they are beautiful characters—but we feel that every reader who takes up the volume will share our enthusiasm. The illustrations by Fred Rae are a delight.—From "Ave Maria."

ter of an Irish father and a Welsh mother.

Mr. Robert Shields of Toronto, who published recently a volume of "Travels," has had many flattering orders for the book from prominent people in this and other lands. The Premier of Ontario writes: "I bespeak for you book a wide circulation, and I hope the generous sentiment which you have expressed and the literary form which you seem to cultivate, will be reflected in the character and language of our people."

A Good Idea.

A correspondent suggests, in the present crisis, that we should send out our coal-owners as horses to the front, because just now they are such fine—chargers!—"Pick-Me-Up."

By Charles G. D. Roberts

The Heart of the Ancient Wood

"One of the most fascinating novels of recent days."—Boston Herald.

"It is unlike Kipling. It is unlike Seton-Thompson. It is better than either in several respects."—Brooklyn Eagle.

"This is not a fanciful story with talking beasts, but is an actual romance, with a bear, a girl and a hunter as the chief personages. The narrative is very fresh and charming. The story itself is exceptionally sweet."—Buffalo Courier.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

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The Drama

NO duller week than the past one has been recorded in Toronto since the commencement of the theatrical season. But there has been at least one topic for discussion and speculation amongst the play-loving public—the deal announced last week by which Messrs. Small and Stair of the Toronto Opera House have acquired the Grand for next season, and Messrs. Sheppard and Whitney are to convert the Princess into a high-priced theater. I did not say anything last week about the change, although fully informed as to the particulars, because the information came to me from a private source, and I had given my word—which I hope is as good as a bond—to respect the confidence. However, the daily papers came out with the whole story as soon as they "got next" to it, and now the public are congratulating themselves that there is to be competition between two first-class houses in Toronto, and the apparently probable result of better attractions and a greater effort on the part of managers and officials to court favor. I think the conclusions that are being drawn by press and people are unwarranted. Nobody who understands how the Theatrical Trust manages things, imagines for a minute that it is going to buck up against itself in a city of this size by booking high-priced attractions for two houses. Toronto is not the best amusement town for a long shot, and it is doubtful, to say the least, if more than one high-class theater can be supported here. This being the case, the Trust will book good attractions for but one house, and that house will be the one that stands closest to the general interests of the Syndicate. Now Mr. C. J. Whitney is in close association with the latter, and its big three, Al. Hayman, Klaw and Erlanger, are the present directors of the Princess, of which Mr. Whitney has the lease, and which Mr. Sheppard is to manage for him next year. Outside the Syndicate there are only three number one companies on the road—Minnie Maddern Fiske, Henrietta Crossman, and Richard Mansfield, who, though on good terms with the Trust, is strong enough to play where he pleases. Where, then, is a second high-priced theater to get its bookings? The same experiment was tried in Montreal. The Academy of Music got all the good shows and Her Majesty's, a much finer house, was dark more than half the time. This spelled ruin for the lessees of the latter, and the outcome was that Her Majesty's was converted into a stock theater. It will be odd if the Grand eventually becomes the center for the operations of stock companies, while the Princess, hitherto devoted to that class of show, takes the place now occupied by the Grand.

However this deal may turn out, it is rough on the Valentines. These good people had looked forward to spending many seasons in Toronto. The first year of a new stock company is always experimental, and in the nature of an advertisement for future seasons. Just as the Valentines are getting nicely under way, they find themselves without a house to play in. The deal is also hard on a certain class of theater-goers, who can afford to pay the very moderate prices charged at a stock company's box office, but not those demanded at even a popular-priced circuit theater.

At the White Horse Inn is being given at the Grand the latter half of this week.

At Shea's this week the chief feature of a very bright and entertaining programme was the musical number by the Dimmonds, who style themselves "Parisian street singers." They are all capital musicians, and every number, vocal and instrumental, elicited enthusiastic applause. But the violin solos were the event of the evening, being rendered with rare skill and artistic feeling as well as great technical knowledge. The imitation of the bagpipes was exceedingly clever, and Killarney, with the guitar and mandolin accompaniment, went straight to the heart of every son of Erin present. May Wentworth and Patti Rosa



"PARISIAN STREET SINGERS" AT SHEA'S.

Company gave a laughable farce comedy of considerable merit. This sketch was above the usual thing of its kind, and the extraordinary complications were at times very amusing. An extremely ludicrous figure was the man-of-all-jobs, a character always much in evidence in country hotels, and his ridiculous attitudes and general style were uproariously funny. Charles Moreland and Minnie Thompson gave a very pretty singing and dancing turn. Mazuz and Mazette, as the tramp and the brakeman, developed into a pair of comedy acrobats of the first rank. Each of the other numbers was novel and interesting, and in fact the whole bill from beginning to end was unusually good from almost any standpoint.

Anybody in search of a laugh—and in this week of lugubrious drappings there were many such—could find the article in a wholesome and unadulterated form at the Toronto, where The County Fair was revived by Neil Burgess, the original "Abigail Prue," in his first visit to this city. Burgess is awfully funny—so much so that the role of the kind-hearted, prim, prudish, and practical old spinster becomes in his hands a roaring caricature. Abigail Prue, as played by Burgess, has a voice like a megaphone, a wonderful tendency to tears, a great deal of spinster-like dignity, and an absurd fashion of unconsciously displaying great lengths of certain unmentionable under-garments. Burgess was supported by only a fairly good company, in which Herbert Chesley as Solon Hammerhead, Harry S. Stafford as "Tim," and Blanche Rice as "Taggs," shone out with some brilliancy. A specialty was introduced in the third act in the shape of a quartette, who rendered some familiar airs rather indifferently. The familiar horse race scene was as exciting as ever to the audience, although the mechanism by which real steeds are permitted to gallop across the stage without being instantly lost to view is no longer a mystery to the average theater-goer.

A good old-fashioned romantic drama is Howard Hall's A Soldier of the Empire, at the Princess this week. The interest is keen from start to finish, and at times it is intense. This is the first time the play has been presented in Toronto, and the Valentines gave a very strong interpretation. A charming little coquette was Miss Anne Blancke, as Vivette Girard. This part suits Miss Blancke admirably, and she played it with a vivacity and effervescence that brightened parts which otherwise would have dragged. Mr. Louis Bresen has cast off the cunning and treachery of the villain, and appeared this week as a kind, protecting brother. Each of the other parts was well taken, and the production as a whole will be another feather in the cap of the Valentines.

Shore Acres was presented at the Grand the latter half of last week. We have seen this "beautiful play of American home life" here before several times, but it never fails to attract attention. Mr. James T. Galloway appeared in the role of Uncle Nat this year, but the rest of the cast was largely the same as in the original company.

The reproduction of Leo the Royal Cadet at the Pavilion, Horticultural Gardens, has been postponed on account of the national bereavement to Friday and Saturday, February 15 and 16.

Miss Ida Hawley, a Toronto girl who has gained distinction on the comic opera stage, is this season one of the principals in The Burgomaster company, and will be seen in that musical comedy here shortly.

Mr. Will Park, the manager of Daly's The Runaway Girl, is in the city visiting his parents. The tour of the company is still in progress, and in a couple of weeks Mr. Park will rejoin the organization and start for the Pacific coast.

The merry musical comedy, The Burgomaster, announced for the Grand the week after next, is described as a comedy in two acts and a prologue. The scenic display has had minute attention from the artists, whose efforts depict panoramic pictures of New Amsterdam, now New York, from the year 1660 until the present day. The New Amsterdam scene claims historical preciseness; it shows New Amsterdam in the days when Peter Stuyvesant was Governor. Dutch architecture has been copied and the old "stadt" house, or official residence, is reproduced. When the English came into possession the building was styled "White Hall," and the Whitehall street of modern New York starts from where it stood, and although most of the costumes worn in this act were designed for up-to-date originality and beauty, still many of them have been copied from very old and rare paintings hung on the walls of the Union League Club of Chicago.

The Hoop of Gold, a stirring old school melodrama, will be the attraction at the Princess for the week commencing Monday evening. The play is of the same order as The Silver King, which was produced by the Valentine Company several weeks ago with brilliant success. The scenes are laid in England, and the story is told with the requisite triumph of virtue and downfall of villainy that always forms such a welcome denouement with lovers of melodrama. There are numerous strong characters in the play, so that each member of the Valentine Company will have a suitable role, and the scenic production will be distinguished by that same care in the arrangement of the scenes that has won such an enviable reputation for the Valentine Company. Special interest will be centered in the presentation of The Hoop of Gold for the reason that Robert Evans, who has been out of the cast for the past four weeks, will make his re-appearance in an important role, as will Mr. De Witt Jennings, a very well known actor who has joined the Valentine forces and will make his debut in Toronto Monday night. Souvenirs of Mr. Evans will be the special attraction for the opening performance, and in view of his great popularity an extra large supply has been ordered.

There will be no performance at the Princess this afternoon, an extra matinee being given on Friday instead. The house will be open Saturday night as usual.

Humpty Dumpty, a familiar pantomime, is billed for the Toronto next week.

All the theaters will forego the usual Saturday matinee on account of the general mourning on that day, when the Queen's remains will be laid in their last resting place.

At Shea's Theater next week, Camille D'Arville will be the head liner. Miss D'Arville is considered one of the best drawing cards in vaudeville. Her voice is said to be stronger and better to-day than at any time in her career. Miss D'Arville was married recently and has decided to retire from the stage permanently. She would not play here now, only to fulfil a contract signed more than a year ago. Goldin, the illusionist, assisted by Jean Francioli & Co., will present what is described as one of the greatest magic acts ever put on the stage. Isabel Urquhart & Co. will present a one-act sketch entitled Even Stephen. The remainder of the bill includes Harry C. Stanley, assisted by Doris Wilson, in a laughable musical sketch, Before the Ball; Clarice Vance, the Southern singer; the Three Westons, in a musical act; Fields and Ward, and one or two other good acts.

LANCER.

Notes From the Capital.

THE exterior of the Parliament Buildings is draped with black, and every here and there a white crown above the well known letters "V. R." stands out against a black background. Inside the central block there is unusual bustle, for during the coming week Parliament opens. An army of charwomen have been cleaning and polishing. In the lobbies and corridors the carpets are spread. A peep through the doors into the Senate Chamber revealed that handsome room free from its unlovely coverings of grey linen, and once more resplendent in scarlet. It is, however, likely to be draped in black for the official function which takes place there next Thursday. It will not be at all the Opening of Parliament as we know it, but only the necessary formality shorn of most of its glory. Ladies have been invited, and no doubt a number will be there, but they must come dressed in black. Most ladies are waiting to hear whether



For many centuries the majestic chief residences of English Sovereigns. It dates back to the early Saxon Kings, but was added to by William the Conqueror, Henry III., Edward III. and succeeding monarchs. It is the most imposing royal residence in the world. The mausoleum at Frogmore, pictures on our front page, is within sight of the castle.

The Countess of Minto intends being present, but she has not yet announced what she intends doing.

The Opening of Parliament is not a festivity, but a State ceremonial. It takes place no matter what happens, and consequently ladies, as usual, are invited, but the wearing of black is commanded even for the ladies who go to the dress gallery.

The State dinner which was to take place on Thursday evening is cancelled, so also the reception which was to follow. Since the death of the Queen no one, except the Premier and one or two members of the Cabinet, has seen Lord or Lady Minto, but all kinds of rumors as to the duration of the term of mourning are flying about. The only thing that anyone can affirm with certainty is that the term of official mourning in England will last for one year. One year! It is a long time. Something, of course, will be taken off for the colonies, where, though the sorrow felt for the Queen is great indeed, the same conditions do not exist as in London. Three months some say it will be here; others say six weeks. The bare mention of three months gives a shiver to many young people who love gaiety, and three months with nothing going on in the gay world will come hard on the tradespeople, the cabbies, the despatch boys, and the many others who work that society may play. Lord and Lady Minto will keep the mourning as in England, and there will be no festivity at Government House within the year. There is still a large house party there—Lady Antrim, Miss Plowden, Miss Elliot, and, until last Tuesday, Miss Hay, of Washington. Fortunately for the host and hostess, who otherwise would find it dull for their guests, the last week has been one of splendid Canadian winter weather, making skeeving or skating delightful pastimes. With the party at Government House, notwithstanding that there are two good ponds within the grounds, skeeving is the favorite amusement.

Mr. Ian Malcolm, M.P., who has been His Excellency's guest since Christmas, sailed on Saturday from New York. He made a most favorable impression upon Ottawa society, or at least upon the small portion that had the pleasure of meeting him. He is considered good looking, but better than that, he is bright and jolly and clever. This year he won fame by bringing out a calendar in which the important events of the Victorian era are narrated.

The Ottawa Orchestral Society had arranged a good programme for their first concert, which was to have come off on the 24th ult. Mrs. G. Patterson Murphy, who was Miss Edythe Forbes, of Ottawa, was to have sung, and Mr. Chesire, the renowned English harpist, to have played. The concert has been postponed to February 21st, when both artists will take part.

Everybody who knew him, or knew him by his work, heard with great regret last week of the death of Mr. Charles Moss, R.C.A., which occurred on the 25th at the Protestant Hospital, where the artist had undergone an operation for an abscess in the ear. Shortly before Christmas Mr. Moss gave an exhibition of work done in England last summer, charming landscapes of Shropshire and

Cheshire. Lady Minto was at the exhibit, and several pictures marked "sold" had been bought by her. Mr. Moss taught painting to Ladies Eileen and Ruby Elliot.

Madame Goodhue, who for the past two years has been living in Paris, is the guest of Mr. Justice and Madame Laverne. She is a sister of Madame Laverne.

The end of this week Sir Adolphe Caron leaves for Florida. He will spend some weeks there, accompanied by his son, Mr. A. P. Caron. Lady Caron and Miss Caron are at present with Sir Adolphe at the Place Viger in Montreal, but will return to Ottawa for the weeks that he remains in the South.

Lady Laurier and the wives of the Cabinet Ministers are not receiving this week on their days, and are all wearing deep mourning. Their example has been followed by most of the prominent society women, as well as many others, and in the streets one meets few women who are not dressed in black.

The session this year had promised to be an exceedingly gay one, and any number of visitors were expected in the Capital. Now all is changed, and the dressmakers are busy making black gowns. AMARYLLIS.

"She Noddit to Me."

A correspondent sends a copy of the little poem "She Noddit to Me," which was published about sixteen years ago in the Aberdeen "Journal." This poem pleased the Queen so much that she ordered a copy of the northern paper to be sent to her regularly.

I'm but an auld body livin' up in Deeside,
In a two-room'd bit hoosie wi' a toofa' beside.
Wi' my coo and my grumphy I'm as happy's a bee,
But I'm far prooder noo, since she noddit to me!

I'm nae sae far past wi't—I'm gie trig and hail—
Can plant twa-three tawties, an' look after my kail;
And when oor Queen passes I'm oot to see,
Gin by luck she micht notice, and nod oot to me!

But I've aye been unlucky, and the blinds were aye doon,
Till last week the time o' her veeit cam' roon'.
I waved my bit apron as brisk's I could dae,
An' the Queen lauch'd fu' kindly an' noddit to me!

My son sleeps in Egypt—it's nae eese to freit—
An' maybe she kent o't when she noddit to me!
She may feel for my sorrow—she's a mither, ye see—
An' maybe she kent o't when she noddit to me!

Consistent Falsehood.

Two old ladies of the same age had the same desire to keep the real number concealed; one, therefore, used upon New Year's day to go to the other and say: "Madam, I am come to know how old we are to be this year?"



WINDSOR CASTLE.

An International Collection of Architectural Gems.



THE ennobling influence of good architecture is something that is only commencing to be popularly understood on this side of old Atlantic—except by those who have been privileged to travel. Hitherto our building has been governed mainly by utility. And this is only natural, for the efforts of man are always directed first and foremost to the providing for his physical wants. Only after these have been attended to moderately well, and when material has been amassed on which his imagination may exercise itself, does he commence to spend his energy on adornment and elaboration. Now, it is of the essence of good architecture to add grandeur and beauty unto utility. Grandeur and beauty are to-day being striven for as never before in the designing of the edifices in which we all-too-prosaic North Americans find shelter from the elements, whilst we slave like ants at the tasks that are never done in this modern, money-grubbing time.

These grave and perhaps perfectly obvious reflections are occasioned by the exhibition of the Toronto Architectural Eighteen Club at the gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists. I wandered into that quiet upper room the other morning, not prepared to see anything in which my unschooled taste could take special delight. But I had not been there five minutes before I commenced to feel the uplifting influence of the hundreds of beautiful "elevations" and "details" with which the walls are covered. Far more interesting and more beautiful, it seems to me, is this exhibition of the work of architects, than any show of brush-work on canvas or card we have been accustomed to see in this familiar haunt of artistic souls. The exhibit, though largely local, includes the Circuit Exhibition of the Architectural League of America—which means many of the best things that have been done by the "master-builders" of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other large centers. It is such a gathering together of good things, however, as cannot be described. One must see it for one's self and let its beauty react on the mind at first contact. The exhibition is free, and will be open till February 10th. Two lectures are to be given in connection by Mr. Albert Kelsey, of Philadelphia—the first for the Art School on Monday evening next, and the second for architects on Tuesday evening—both at eight o'clock.

Some of the most beautiful exhibits are amongst the "details." The larger studies and "elevations" naturally draw attention at first, but it is only when one has finished with these and commences to observe the less obtrusive things that a true appreciation of the exhibition dawns on the mind.

Of course there will be many people to scoff at all modern architecture, on the ground that it has failed to produce any true school and draws its inspiration from the

past, when the various orders of building sprang into existence as the spontaneous expression of man's imagination. These people will be satisfied with nothing that was not built at least as far back as the Renaissance. The same people can find no good in present-day painting, sculpture, music, or literature. They are fetish-worshippers, and their fetish is antiquity. But the architect of to-day has as great a mission as his brothers had in any past time, if he will but think so. More particularly is this the case in America. We have as yet few really noble buildings on this new soil. But it remains to fill the cities of the New World with enduring piles that shall be to future generations as true an inspiration as the cathedrals and castles of the old world are to the generations of to-day.

LANCE.

About Poetry.

SINCE the Queen's death everybody in Canada seems to be turning poet. One or two good pieces of verse have been produced, the best being probably that of Franklin Gadsby, entitled "The Queen Passes," in "The Daily Star" of January 23rd. Nearly all the other so-called poems on the Queen's death that we have seen were horrible rubbish, and ought to have been kept exclusively for kindling fires. Perhaps there might be three or four exceptions to this statement.

Talking of poetry, how is this for a red-hot lyric? It was sent to "Saturday Night" by its author in all seriousness, and is not an unfair sample of the stuff that causes editors to resort to the flowing bowl:

Oh who can say Friends they have got or Friend that will Prove true For I thought I had all the Friends But

A Shooting Trip.
"Pall Mall Magazine."

"Got the grub, Sandy?"
"Ay, Two loaves and seven bottles of whisky—"
"Gude Lord, mon! What will ye be doing wi' all that bread!"

I have None But you But you are tried and faithful Found and you are all to Me But they Would take our children and make them vile as they But all is Well that ends well and all is right that's true But are there any right Love excepting Me and you. But when the right time comes Love our Friends will flock Like Birds But We will not be in the Nest Love We will have changed our abode We Will have flown away Love away Where Roses grow away to the canary Islands away to the Southern Seas Love to Where the Bananas grow to where the Birds mate all year Love and Where there is No Snow No Ice to cool our Love Dear No Show to Slip our feet But We Will not be Like the others Love We Will Not Live to Eat Eat Eat But We Will Eat to Live Love and our children will go with us and and We Will have a Heaven Love with Us Us Us.

Should I See this in the Next Issue of "Saturday Night" I Will Send you another But If Not I Will know you have had enough of My Love Story.

[By all means send more.—Editor.]

A Modern Martyr.

A WOMAN lost consciousness in a dry goods store in Washington recently, and was carried to Emergency Hospital. Looking for means of identifying the woman, the nurse came across a visiting card in her shopping bag, on which were the following memoranda:

"Chloride of lime; 1 spool pale blue sewing silk; 2 nursing bottles; shoes for Clarence; Jevon's Logic; garden hose; board meeting 11 o'clock; market; telephone caterer dinner Saturday; dressmaker's; church."

The first words the victim spoke were an apology for having collapsed. She was certain it was an indication of want of will power, for she was a firm convert to the notion that mind has supreme control over any matter that might seem to the uninitiated, reason for a woman's strength failing. She insisted, moreover, that she must get up and go back to her shopping where she had left it off. The chloride of lime was needed in the cellar at once. If the spool of blue silk was not at the house by one o'clock the sewing girl would not be able to finish Margaret's dress for the party that afternoon. Clarence must have his shoes for the same occasion, and if baby did not get his new bottles, nurse would probably feed him from a sour one, and that would undoubtedly mean death. All the marketing was yet to be ordered. If she did not keep the appointment with the dressmaker, she would not have her new dress for the little dinner she was giving on Saturday, of which the caterer had not yet been informed. Besides, she had gone on a civic board in order not to lose touch with the larger duties of life outside her home, and she was studying logic so that her mind should not grow rusty through the autumn, and she did, therefore, want not to miss her meeting or fail to get to the bookstore before it closed that day. She had meant to drop into church a few minutes, too, before going home; the restfulness of just sitting there a bit she had found was a great good to her soul. But she could let that go till

another day, if the nurse and doctors really thought she was doing too much. The nurse and doctors found opposition useless, and as soon as the poor woman was able to draw a deep breath, out she went again to finish her self-inflicted task.

The doctor, at the suggestion of the nurse, corrected the entry he had made on the hospital books. He recorded:

"General collapse; cause, too much conscience and not enough common sense."

In the course of a paper the doctor has read since before the medical society, he recited this case as melancholy evidence of the direction in which some good women of the day are tending.—"Harper's Bazar."

The Perfect Woman.

IV.

HER FIGURE.

GIVEN a perfect head of hair, eloquent eyes and a beautiful mouth, a woman may be utterly spoiled and "demodee" by an angular, awkward or obese shape. Her neck may be an inch too short or too long, her shoulders an inch too high or too narrow, and the lovely effect of her upper structure is quite imperilled. In fact, while her face is only a power on three sides, her figure is impressive from every point of view—therefore do many critics decide that if a choice were to be presented between a charming face and a perfect figure as a sole and only attraction, the latter should be preferred. The classic measurements are not possible in the modish garb of the new century, though probably for health and comfort they are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and as the perfect woman must conform to the fashion of her time to a certain extent at least, we must renounce big-waisted Venus and her cult, or else give up the two-step. The perfect woman will not wear stiff collars until her neck looks like a duck's paddle, nor tight bodices until her nasal organ blossoms like a rose in June. Freedom of movement, fresh air laving the skin, and plenty of bathing are her three indispensables. Her clothes are loose enough to reflect every grace of her poise and motion, and she is always graceful, because each movement expresses a thought and she considers that fact seriously. Somehow, she wears high collars without appearing throttled, and demi-decollete frocks without looking untidy or half dressed. She insists upon being made comfortable in her clothes, and her dressmaker finally succumbs to her insistence. Her carriage is upright, dignified and queenly, so that a bow from her means a distinct graciousness, and is given deliberately. She is just as distinguished in her bearing at eighty as at eighteen, the art of holding herself buoyantly and well being an inspiring touch that never leaves her. When she walks, the firmness and lightness of her footstep are an attraction in themselves, conveying a notion of dainty power and perfect control of every flexible and active muscle. The perfect woman always walks abroad as an inspiration. When she sits alert, her figure is upheld by strength and will; and when she reclines, there are no ugly cords strained out by an awkward pose. Every curve tells of complete relaxation, and she looks the embodiment of repose.

To return to measurements. The perfect woman is neither very tall nor very short. A happy medium of from five feet five to six inches, or a trifle over in case of a large-boned frame, is her limit. Her neck is soft and white, her shoulders roundly covered with firm flesh and satiny skin. If the gods have been good to her, she has that little round cup, a soft and blessed little hollow, just at the base of her neck in front, and if those gods were generous above the ordinary, she has a dimple on one shoulder. Dimples on cheek or chin become tiresome—always there, obvious, cheap; but a dimple which is only shown on grand occasions, when the woman is in grand toilette and on a sort of triumphal progress, is the finishing kiss of Venus to her pet child. The waist of the perfect woman never suggests constriction, so particular is she about the curve of her figure. The wasp waist, which uncultured eyes ogle, is her bete noir. She shuns a lath-like contour as much as a puff-ball effect. Neither vertebra nor rolls of fat ever encounter the gaze of long enduring humanity, when it meets the perfect woman. It is no sin to pad a trifle, if Nature plays a sorry trick, and it's a sacred duty to massage and exercise if adipose matter begins to cloud her perfect outlines, thinks the woman whose perfect figure is her crowning attraction.

Two women of exalted station have been quoted for years as queens over time and trouble in this particular. Elizabeth, late Empress of Austria, who retained till her death the flexible and graceful figure of her early years, and her younger royal friend, the Queen Consort Alexandra of England, who, spite of years and sorrows, is to-day a pretty, graceful, and youthful grandmother. A perfect figure may be ruined in an outree robe, and so this grace should be of distinct advantage in checking the vagaries of the owner in regard to attire. Bunches and sharp points and muddles of laces and flounces cry out upon the sweet grace of well-cared nature; simplicity and elegance go hand in hand upon a perfect form and pose.

Were the general intelligence aroused to train and develop the coming woman into perfection of form and car-



riage, one would never hear the plaintive acknowledgment of the ill-shapen, over-fed, badly put together feminine as she looks longingly upon some graceful gown, "I could never wear that with my figure!" Only one danger sometimes overtakes the owner of a form without a blemish in contour, tint, or pose. She is perhaps tempted to exhibit it too frankly. The moment this is done, the delicacy and charm is destroyed, the bloom is rubbed from the beauty, and a vulgarity begins which no perfection can ever condone. The perfect woman knows her strongest point is her reserve, and though one may glory in her beauty, one always knows its greatest charm is the care with which she guards it from any cheapening by display.

CHEVALIER.

Epitaph Guaranteed.

Philadelphia is going to put up a monument to the man who first discovered it. One of those facetious Yankee papers that never will take anything seriously remarks that other cities will cheerfully contribute to a monument and all funeral expenses for the man who put up the price of the fuel. And an English paper offers to provide a suitable epitaph:

Here lies the man who raised the price of coal.
Rejoice, dear friend; there is no cause to weep.
For he has reached the everlasting goal.
Where fuel is both plentiful and cheap.

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New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen
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 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., March 5, 10 a.m.
 Lahn. Tues., March 26, 10 a.m.
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., April 2, 10 a.m.

NEW YORK, BREMEN

Koeln. Thursday, Jan. 17, 1 p.m.
 Karlsruhe. Thursday, Jan. 24, 1 p.m.
 Weimar. Thursday, Jan. 31, 2 p.m.

MEDITERRANEAN

Verona, Jan. 19; Kaiser Wm. II., Jan. 26;
 Aller, Saturday, Feb. 2, 11 a.m.; Kaiserin Maria
 Theresia, Saturday, Feb. 16, 11 a.m.; Weimar,
 Saturday, Feb. 23, 1 p.m.

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Every New Yorker is interested in
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 Central to improve its magnificent ser-
 vice, and in the eyes of the average
 stranger, whether native or foreign,
 the New York Central is an example
 of what the Empire State of the Union
 can do.

We therefore note with pride the
 up-to-date character of the dining car
 service on the great four-track line.
 In a menu on one of the afternoon
 trains from New York recently we
 noticed "broiled breast of prairie chicken
 with currant jelly" among the list of
 delectable viands prepared for its patrons.
 Its pure spring water from the
 foothills of the Adirondack Mountains
 served free, is another delightful idea,
 and on the Empire State Express they
 are now serving almost every dish that
 you could get on a la carte dining
 car, and those dishes are hot and appetizing.
 Recently broiled bacon with
 eggs and broiled ham with eggs have
 been added to the menu.

This, it will be understood, is on a
 train where the travel is so heavy that
 it is almost impossible to haul a dining
 car, but with their new buffet
 broiler service the Central is handling
 it in splendid shape.—Albany "Press-
 Knickerbocker-Express."

Canadians Going South.

Before concluding arrangements for
 a trip for health or pleasure to Vir-
 ginia, the Carolinas, Florida and the
 South, write to L. S. Brown, general
 agent Southern Railway, Washington,
 D.C., who will gladly mail free of
 charge time-tables, battlefields, map
 folders, guides, coast excursion rates,
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 luxuriously appointed limited trains
 daily, Washington, D.C., through to
 Savannah, Ga., connecting there with
 Plant System, and at Jacksonville with
 Florida East Coast Railway.

Anecdotal.

Speaking of the difficulty students
 experience in remembering the exact
 situation of the mitral and tricuspid
 valves of the heart, Professor Huxley
 once remarked that he remembered
 that the mitral (so-called from its resem-
 blance to the headgear of the
 church dignitary) must be on the left
 side, "because a bishop could never be
 in the right."

The superintendent of schools at

Programmes for the Dance

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We print cards, invitations, tickets
 and programmes for "At Homes"
 and other society affairs.

We do the best work—and we have
 it ready when we promise—something
 rare in the printing trade.

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 No. 8 King Street West

Spokane, Wash., desirous of testing the
 powers of composition existing in a
 class of eight-year-olds, requested that
 three sentences be written, each to
 contain one of the three words, "bees,"
 "boys" and "bear." A small girl la-
 boriously concocted the following sen-
 tence: "Boys bees bare when they go in
 swimming."

Ossip Gabrilowitch is the latest pian-
 ist to invade America, and his per-
 formances have made a great stir in
 musical circles. Shortly after his New
 York debut he received a letter from a
 young lady from an interior town beg-
 ging him for an impression of his
 thumb on a piece of sensitized paper
 enclosed. He turned the letter over to
 his manager as he does all such com-
 munications. That man, devoid of
 sentiment, called the colored porter
 and bade him impress his thumb on
 the "Puddin' Head Wilson" sheet, which
 was then enclosed to the young lady.
 Four days later came an effusive epistle
 from Gabrilowitch from the young
 woman, thanking him for his great
 kindness and asserting that she had
 studied the thumb-print under the mi-
 croscope and found in its lines the un-
 mistakable tracings of genius. And the
 manager—heartless brute!—thinks it
 all a capital joke.

Speaking of pianists, Paderewski tells
 an amusing story of an experience he
 had while in England recently. One
 morning he received an epistle offering
 him £10 a week to appear in a circus
 nightly with a performing bear. The
 writer, after explaining the conditions
 at some length, concluded with "No
 play, no pay." The astonishment of the
 musician was unbounded, and he sought
 an explanation. He then discovered
 that a certain circus performer had
 taken "Paderewski" as his name, where-
 upon he directed his secretary to
 write a letter of expostulation to the
 gentleman in question. This worthy
 replied that he did not think he was
 doing any harm when he took the
 name of the eminent musician. "Be-
 sides," he added, with unconscious hu-
 mor, "my performance ought to be a
 good advertisement for you."

Still another Paderewski story: One
 evening last season, at a famous New
 York restaurant, the pianist happened
 to be dining at the same time that
 the New York Goldsmiths' and Jewellers'
 Association were having a celebra-
 tion dinner in another part of the
 building. At the close of the feast the
 pianist made his way to the cloak-
 room, and was busy washing his hands
 when one of the other party came in
 on the same mission. The new-comer
 stared at the fair-haired Pole, and at
 last, as he dashed his hands through
 the water, said: "You're very like
 Paderewski; do you know him?" "I
 am Paderewski," rejoined the maestro,
 modestly. "What!" whooped the "Am-
 erican," and, dashing at him, shook
 both his hands without waiting for the
 ceremony of wiping his own. Before
 there was any time for Paderewski to
 escape, the man from the goldsmiths'
 dinner rushed to the door, and, call-
 ing to the chiefs of his party, yelled:
 "I say, Brown, Jones, Robinson, Smith,
 all of you come here: I want to intro-
 duce you to my friend, Paderewski!"

A young botanist was showing a party
 of ladies and gentlemen through a
 conservatory in Exeter, and explain-
 ing to them the properties of some of
 the choicest plants. Among the visitors
 was a would-be young-looking, middle-
 aged lady, who, at every de-
 scription, volunteered the statement
 that the plants and flowers she had at
 home were quite equal to anything ex-
 hibited here—or, indeed, anywhere.
 Just as they were passing a giant cactus
 she was heard to exclaim: "Well, this
 is nothing extraordinary. I have a
 cactus at home that is still larger." The
 botanist, who was a professor, re-
 joined: "Reared it yourself?" the professor
 gently observed. "How remarkable!"
 This specimen is sixty-three years old,
 and if yours is still larger—"The
 lady did not stay to hear any more.

Even governments "josh" each other
 occasionally, it would seem. Last year
 the Emperor of Austria was about to
 visit Italy, bringing with him a lot of
 Austrian and Hungarian cavalrymen
 to "emphasize friendly relations." Now,
 Austrian boots, particularly cavalry
 ones, are very long, odd-looking af-
 fairs, and provide a lot of amusement
 for scoffers. It is a saying among Ital-
 ianized smiles that every Austrian spends
 four hours a day polishing them. Italy
 sent an extra-special note: "Blackening
 your scabbards here," which tickled the
 two governments a good deal, though
 not a very brilliant gem of wit. Aus-
 tria gallantly replied: "Never mind the
 blackening. How are you off for soap?"
 —In delicate allusion to a statement
 once made in the Italian Parliament
 that Italy used only a fifth as much
 soap per head of the population as any
 other country.

Dr. George Macdonald, the well-
 known novelist, is in ill health. His
 beautiful home, the Casa Coraggio, at
 Bordighera, is an ideal place for an
 invalid. His mind, as is now the case
 in falling years, dwells much on early
 days, and he will talk by the hour of
 old times in Aberdeen. Dr. Macdonald's
 father was a miller at Huntly (the mil-
 ler's distinguished son has not a par-
 ticle of false shame in his composition),
 and during some Corn Law troubles
 got into ill-odor with the townsfolk.
 The mob took it into their heads that
 Miller Macdonald was storing up corn
 to sell later on at famine prices, and
 decided to burn him in effigy. When
 the bonfire was nearly ready and the
 angry folk were clamoring about it,
 the miller, who had a wooden leg,
 came stumbling along. "Yes, boys,"
 said he, calmly surveying the effigy
 which was lying ready to be placed
 on the pile. "Yes, boys, 'tis fairly good.
 Quite a likeness, in fact, barring one
 sma' fault. Ye have made the wrang-
 le the wooden one!" There was no
 withholding this. Somebody laughed.
 Some other body suggested that per-
 haps there was no great store of corn
 at the mill. Anyway, the effigy of Dr.
 Macdonald's father was not burned af-
 ter all.

Here is another story somewhat
 similar. In the time of the Chartists
 troubles the Marquis of Anglesey,
 grandfather of the late Lady Churchill,
 whose death is believed to have pre-
 cipitated the last illness of Queen Vic-
 toria, was in close attendance on the
 Duke of Wellington, carrying out his

orders just as promptly as he had done
 throughout the whole Peninsula cam-
 paign. Lord Anglesey had led the cav-
 alry brigade at Corunna, and had
 fought on almost every battlefield from
 Lisbon to Orthez. To a man of such
 experience a Chartist mob was beneath
 contempt. But he found himself face
 to face with real danger one day in St.
 James' Park. Cantering from West-
 minster to the Palace he fell in with
 a hooting, yelling mob, which quickly
 surrounded him. He backed his horse
 between the trees and faced them.
 There were hundreds of them, angry
 and desperate. Give up harrumphing
 and shouting, he cried: "Send home the
 soldiers and the guns! Promise us that
 and we will let you go." Lord Angle-
 sey set his firm, white teeth. "If every
 man of you," said he, quite slow
 and clear, "if every man of you were
 one hundred men, and each one of
 them, again, had one hundred hands,
 and bayonets in them all, I still—would
 do my duty." He looked superbly
 with his dauntless air, and his words
 came cold and clear as ice. The mob
 stared a moment, then they cheered
 him—yes, they cheered him, and wavered
 and turned and slipped away in
 twos and threes. They were English-
 men; and they, too, had ideas about
 duty and pluck.

But to return to Dr. George Macdon-
 ald and his stories. In the remote dis-
 tricts of Strathgogie and Mar the shep-
 herds, in former days, were situ-
 ated in lonely spots, some so far from
 any neighbors that the children in their
 early years saw no one but their own
 parents and brothers and sisters. In
 one case a boy had reached the age of
 six without having set eyes on a hu-
 man being outside his own family. One
 day a shepherd from a neighboring
 valley came within sight of this smug-
 urchin, who scampered off home,
 screaming out: "Eh, mither, mither!
 Here's a beast comin' over the hill,
 an' it's awfu' like my father!"

The late Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar
 had been tutored in his youth by
 the immortal Goethe, and was a patron
 of all the liberal arts. It is told
 that he had such a queer and often
 half way of expressing himself that
 some "bulls" have been fathered on
 Seneca, as he was affectionately called.
 One day he was seated at a table. On
 a hunting expedition he saw a forester
 whose face seemed familiar to him:
 "Are you not a brother of Chief In-
 spector Schmidt?" asked the Duke. "I
 am Chief Inspector Schmidt," said the
 man. "Ah," said Seneca, "that
 accounts for the resemblance!" An-
 other time the Grand Duke was wait-
 ing at a railway station for a friend.
 A small railway station in his tiny
 realm, and, addressing two little
 girls playing near the signal box, asked:
 "Who is your father?" "The station-
 master," "How old are you?" "I
 am five and my sister four, Seneca-
 sissimus." "How is that possible? Why,
 the line has only been opened three
 years!"

Lady Beaconsfield, who in youth was
 a factory girl, generally drove with
 her Lordship to the House, and was
 always awake when he came in at
 midnight to hear what success had
 been his, and what speeches had told
 for or against his party. Once when
 setting him down at Westminster, as
 he was about to make a very impor-
 tant speech on some burning question
 of the day, her fingers got caught in
 the carriage door when the servant
 slammed it to. No cry escaped her
 lips, and the kind face smiled back at
 Disraeli untroubled by a sign of pain as
 he turned to enter the House. "Had
 he known how that hand was hurting
 me," she said afterwards, "it would
 have upset him for the whole night.
 Quite true enough for him to be wor-
 ried about it when he comes home." She
 herself, however, when she was in the
 House, her husband was laid be-
 side her. Long after her death he said
 of her: "The severest of critics, but a
 perfect wife."

Lord Rosebery is a great lover of dry
 champagne. Apropos, an authentic and
 amusing anecdote is told of his Lord-
 ship in connection with a certain visit
 he once paid to Dundee on the occasion
 of a political demonstration at which
 he was to be the principal speaker.
 Lord Rosebery was the guest of the
 Lord Provost of the city of Jute, who
 chanced to be a teetotaler of so strict
 a kind that he neither drank himself
 nor allowed his guests to do so; and
 the particular beverage provided at
 this banquet was gingerade, of which
 the noble Lord partook but sparingly.
 His coming oration was stirring him
 in the throat, and the longer the speech
 circulated the more desperate he grew.
 The moment dinner was over he called
 aside one of his fellow-guests (principal
 of a neighboring University) and
 asked him which was the best hotel in
 Dundee; and after making some hur-
 ried excuse to his host drove rapidly
 thither, and called for an imperial pint
 of the best champagne. The and just
 speech was a brilliant success.

A few nights ago Ben Nathan told a
 capital story at the Playgoers' Club,
 London. There is a French version of it,
 which M. Coquelin sometimes tells af-
 ter dinner, but Mr. Nathan's version is
 none the worse for that. The scene
 was laid at the stage door of the Pa-
 villon Theater, on the night of a per-
 formance. Others in aid of a Jewish
 charity in the East End. The curtain
 was announced to rise promptly at
 eight o'clock. But at a quarter to eight
 the stage manager, in a distracted
 state, was sending messengers in all
 directions, for the Moor of Venice had
 not put in an appearance. The agita-
 tion was at its height ten minutes
 later, when the missing actor came reel-
 ing up to the stage door. The manager
 took in the situation at a glance. "You
 scoundrel!" he exclaimed, "how dare
 you come in this state? How are you
 going to play to-night?" "Wa'sh mat-
 ter?" asked the actor. "Matter!" cried
 the stage manager, "I'll tell you what's
 the matter—you're drunk!" "Am I?"
 answered the incoherent Othello. "Oh,
 you think I'm drunk, do you? Jus-
 you—wait—till you see Iago."

E. W. Grove
 This signature is on every box of the genuine
 Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
 he remedy that cures a cold in one day

Wash Wisely and Well.

A Canadian Queen. A Desecrated
 Church.

"YOU need a bath!" was the
 frank announcement which
 met my eye last week as I
 opened a daily paper,
 squirming a little even with
 that slight exertion of muscle, for my
 rheumatic bad angel was with me night
 and day. The quaint remark caught
 my fancy. "I wonder if I do?" said I
 to myself, musing not on ordinary hot
 water and soap, of which a genial plen-
 ty is necessary to health and comfort,
 but on magic baths, of strange flavor
 and wondrous properties, which I had
 once "heard tell of" across the water.
 "You need a bath" haunted me all
 one busy day, first in suggestive, then
 in jeering, and finally in commanding
 tones, until I answered wearily: "Oh,
 do drop it! I'll go and take one!"
 Someone else said aye, we'll go and
 take baths, and away we went, "three
 in a row, a very good show," for the
 baths at St. Kitz. For days we took
 baths and sleeps and nourishment, and
 really nothing else, neither care for
 the morrow, nor heed of the yesterday
 of life. What mattered, that good old
 cronies a stone's throw away were not
 apprised of our profligacy? We were
 too busy taking baths and sleeping af-
 ter baths and eating between baths to
 care! And the blessedness of
 dreamless, aimless hours came in due
 time. One muscle after another soft-
 ened and succumbed to king massage.
 Arms and shoulders and anatomy in
 general melted into healthy supple-
 ness, and the soft-handed masseurs,
 male and female, exchanged smiling
 remarks over our heads as to the ef-
 ficacy of various thumps and pokes
 and pressures curative. As jollifiers,
 easily first of the pleasant fraternity,
 give me a dark-faced, unctuous-voiced,
 extra-earnest masseur, when he or she
 takes complete possession of an arm
 that won't work. If you don't arise
 with a limber member and a distended
 conceit of yourself after an hour's
 crooning from a pair of those humbugs
 of the first water, you are more or less
 than mortal. God bless 'em, anyway;
 they rubbed the kinks out of my arms
 and anointed my soul with delicious
 flatteries of all sorts at the same time,
 and we had a jolly good time of it!

The baths are soaking with mineral
 healing, and if the daily paper doesn't
 tell you rheumatic, weary, half-sleepy
 naps that you need a bath, I do! To
 Though not patriotic in particular,
 do enjoy finding good things in Can-
 ada, not too far up on the shelf for
 small folks to reach. And these baths
 are so handy and so healthy that I in-
 tend to tack on an extra patriotic fill
 or two because they belong to the
 Land of the Maple, and have made me
 over in so short a time.

We were gossiping over our dinner
 in the big dining-room, between bath
 and sleep, when she came in. There
 had been in the room a stunning girl,
 a stately matron and various pretty
 women, but they seemed to fade and
 dwindle and grow plain when she came
 in! She had an adorable cap, perched
 softly on loose silky fluffs of brown
 hair, a fresh, speckled gown and those
 mauve cuffs and folded kerchiefs, and
 I am not sure but she had an apron.
 Then, to come to the point, she had
 great, beautiful bright eyes, and a fair
 sweet face, unfaded even by a night's
 vigil, and a smile that almost coaxed
 a remnant of a twinge out of my arm.
 The men "rubbed" and smiled, the
 women gazed openly and smiled—who
 could help it? For she who came was
 the queen of all women in her regalia,
 the wise, strong, beautiful nurse-woman,
 tall, young and easily first, with her
 free, light, buoyant step, her quick,
 bright glance, and that indefinable sa-
 credness with which many of her sis-
 terhood are gift, because they have
 given their best young days to the
 help and the needs of their fellows. I
 told her she was a darling, and she
 laughed. It was worth telling her any-
 thing to have a memory of her when
 she laughed.

As a nation we are in "decent
 mourning" to-day, recognizing in no
 spirit of senseless emotion the loss
 which we have suffered. "Decent
 mourning" has a reserve and a dignity
 about it, and I am glad the order from
 those in authority took that word, not
 "deepest," as it was wrongly trans-
 mitted first. The people who can
 mourn decently together for their dead
 Queen show their strength and their
 unity by the serious action. Even the
 feather-headed members or the selfish
 and self-willed members may do them-
 selves honor by recognizing authority
 and acquiescing in the observance of
 decent mourning. It seems to try the
 temper of our metal; does it ring true?
 Have we learned to feel together, act
 together, obey together, we young
 sprigs of the English oak who have been
 making a good deal of display and
 noise over our connection lately? Then,
 let us go decently mourning for Vic-
 toria to-day, for we shall never again
 have as good an excuse. The dust of
 a mortal body has laid away, but the
 spirit she lived in need never die nor
 weaken, and well for us if it find such
 congenial atmosphere in Canada that
 it will grow and strengthen and domi-
 nate our young Dominion. Then our
 decent mourning for our good little
 Queen will not be sad or oppressive,
 but full of sweet promise and hope.

"I wish you would write something
 about the desecration of churches,"
 said a man of ideals, who came a long
 way last Sunday to join in a mem-
 orial service in a very quaint old church
 which he had loved since his boyhood
 days. Then he unbuckled his mind
 about the modernities who had desec-
 rated his pet sanctuary. "I was shown
 in through a hole in the wall, where
 they had set a door and instead of
 those dear old square pews, where I
 had fancied I could still locate my old
 friends and their families, there were
 rows of shining, varnished seats, and
 this was what they called a renova-
 tion. I called it desecration." "But
 the wood of those old pews was rot-
 ting away," mildly ventured an in-
 habitants of the renovating town. "No
 objection to removing it and replacing
 it," snapped the injured idealist. "But
 I can't forgive that varnish and those
 rows of silly seats, and that hole you
 made in the wall," and so he went
 scolding and regretting on his way.
 And he wasn't an old man, who might
 have been consoled with and pitied



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ERECT FORM STYLE "A."

is an ideal corset—a perfect support—throws the
 shoulders well back—reduces the abdomen—gives an
 unrivaled queenly poise—allows full ease. Made in
 the finest English Cutlery, filed with best clock-
 spring steel, medium bust, straight front, medium
 length.

If "Erect Form Style A." corset does not
 suit you, ask for "Erect Form Style B." and get
 it properly fitted and properly laced, when a
 graceful tapering under the arms to the waist
 and out again over the hips will be the pleasur-
 able result.

SOLD IN ALL DRY-GOODS STORES



and humored, but a young fellow from
 a bustling republican city, who had
 cherished the notion of that quaint old
 village church as something refresh-
 ingly sacred.

LADY GAY.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every
 graphological study sent in. The Editor re-
 quests correspondents to observe the following
 Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist
 of at least six lines of original matter, includ-
 ing several capital letters. 2. Letters will be
 answered in their order, unless under unusual
 circumstances. Correspondents need not take
 up their own and the Editor's time by writing
 reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-
 tions, scraps or postal cards are not studied.
 4. Please address Correspondence Column.
 Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons
 are not studied.

Canadian—I should judge outdoor
 work would agree best with you. The
 character is strong and straightforward,
 and the mind is clear and logical. There is
 energy and enterprise shown, but not very
 much ambition. Your birth month is
 under the sign Libra, the scales—a
 sign very much inclined to vary in poise
 and needing deliberate and stern disci-
 pline to counteract its varying. You are
 a daring, enterprising and rather
 impractical outlook, adaptable and pleasant
 temper. You need refining influences.

Sweet Seventeen—September girls are
 not likely to be old maids, for they are
 practical, appreciate home comfort and
 make good managers; but they are
 somewhat analytical, censorious and
 hard to please, sometimes, and may be
 too exacting in their demands. Your
 writing is exceedingly crude and will
 doubtless materially vary in time. You
 are a daring, enterprising and rather
 impractical outlook, adaptable and pleasant
 temper. You need refining influences.

Autumn—A very dominant and some-
 times unreasonable will, some sense of
 duty and artistic impulse, adaptability
 and self-reliance, fondness for social
 intercourse, over-frankness in speech,
 beauty and artistic intuition rather than
 reason, are your dominant traits. You
 are susceptible, emotional and
 sometimes careless of appearances.
 Great dash and impulse are shown.
 The white mouse—"February, toward
 the end of the month" is too vague.
 The March sign begins to rule on Feb-
 ruary twenty-second. As you do not
 give exact date, you must write again.
 Two or three days one way or the other
 would make all the difference. The
 middle of April is under the sign Aries
 the ram, a fire sign. The Aries people
 are a fine type, but they go wrong to
 an extreme degree when they once let
 go the simple principles. They have
 very high and also very crooked possi-
 bilities.

Auricle—The gier-eagle mentioned in
 Paracelsus is the Egyptian vulture, one
 of the unclean birds, a bird of prey—
 Seneca, Xix. My dear little girl, my
 student, if such you be, you are cultivat-
 ing a very high tone of mind, for which
 I greatly commend and admire you.

Melody—A strongly built and sweetly
 tempered character, modest and ingrat-
 ing, fond of chatter and social in-
 tercourse, practical, generally logical
 and conscientious. You like to rule,
 and would be constant and reasonable.
 Not much controlled through the emo-
 tions, and rather young, eh? You have
 refined and perhaps ambitious ideas, and
 probably an easy time.

A Patriotic Canadian—This very mag-
 netic and dashing study has much in-
 terest. The mind is unusually bright,
 independent and daring, and the study
 is eloquent of impulse, decision and charm.
 Ambition, possibly for another, but
 fiery, strong, erratic judgment, apt to
 be influenced by slight rather than sen-
 sible consideration, some idealism and
 a gentle leaning to emotion are shown.
 Writer is not conceited, however; she
 may be touched with pride of strength
 and self-confidence. I shouldn't think
 that a mortal body could be so happy.
 It will likely assert itself. It would
 take more time than

The Biter Bit.

ONE story that George Beauchamp, the English variety actor who died the other day, used to tell illustrates the methods of old-time music hall proprietors before the present Empires and Tivolis sprang up all over England. The old proprietor was frequently a rough and always a jealous person. Occasionally he was a miser. Beauchamp's early days he had appeared at a small free-and-easy, or sing-song, called the "Steam Clock," in Birmingham. A proprietor in a neighboring town some years afterwards was approached by Beauchamp for an engagement. The reply was wired: "Yes, you may appear here August; same terms as you received at Steam Clock." This was intended as a snub to the comedian.

But he was equal to the emergency. He telegraphed back: "All right; will accept same terms as received from Steam Clock. Wire confirmation." The greedy proprietor was fayed to think he had made such a bargain, for the salary of a sing-song must be very low. So he sent the required confirmation wire, and the bargain was complete. When the time came for Beauchamp to commence his engagement he found a packed hall. The place was crowded in consequence of the engagement of Dan Leno, who was also appearing. The proprietor met Beauchamp in the saloon. "Fine house," said the comedian. "Yes; very good." "How much money is there in it, do you think?" "About a hundred and fifty," said the proprietor. "That's good," remarked Beauchamp. The next night a similar conversation occurred. There was a hundred and twenty pounds in the house. On the Wednesday night the proprietor was inclined to be touchy. "Look here," he said, "it's no concern of yours what money is in the house." "Excuse me, but it is," said Beauchamp. "Here's my agreement with the Steam Clock, and I'm on the same terms with you—half gross receipts each night except Friday, when I receive a clear benefit of the entire takings!"

Sunday Evening Dress.

Commenting on the Sunday evening dress question for men, "Vogue" says: "It may still safely be said that a man should not go to Sunday evening service in evening clothes, by which are meant a long-tailed coat or a dinner jacket, because, although logically correct, it would be considered bad form, if not a trifle irreverent. It may be that in time this old-time idea will pass away, but as yet it is almost universally adhered to. For all other occasions on Sunday night evening clothes are correct. Large dinners are still rarely given then, and in this country theaters as a rule are closed, and other public amusements not indulged in, but it has become the custom during the past few years, in New York at least, for people to give small informal dinners, either at home or more usually at one of the smart hotels or restaurants, and the man who is asked to such a dinner should, as a rule, wear evening clothes. Common sense might, however, have determined the matter, for if a man were making a call on Sunday afternoon in a frock or morning coat, and was asked to stay to dinner or to go out to a restaurant to dine, it would be absurd as well as impossible for him to run home and change his clothes. It is also correct to wear full evening dress when making calls on Sunday night, although many men do not do so. After all, a

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man must use his judgment, for while the rule of making no distinction as regards evening dress, except for church service, as viewed from the standpoint of society, is undoubtedly the correct one, it is better to be in fact incorrectly dressed than to be thought so, and one must make allowances for the opinions of others. If, for instance, a man were invited to dine or take tea at a house and knew his host or hostess held strict Presbyterian ideas as to the Sabbath day, it might be better not to wear evening clothes. There would be little consolation to be derived from a knowledge of being correctly dressed if one were the sole guest in evening dress, conscious that he was shocking his hosts' ideas of reverence and propriety."

A Mental Reservation.

She was a maid of Southern blood—
With faint of Northern heresy—
And blushing at the altar stood
To give her troth, and nervously
Repeat words bidden her, and say
That she would cherish, love, obey.

"Love you, my wedded husband! Can
It be, that any one should doubt
My love, or think another man
Could lightly turn my heart about?
Long time mine own, my darling still!
Long have I loved, and ever will!"

"And will I cherish? Will I try
When dark times fall, and gathering
Of trouble and perplexity
My dear one's daily lot enshroud—
Be patient, more, be gentler still,
Thus cherishing? I will! I will!"

Obeys! The independent North
Within her cried a bristling "No!"
But Southern spirit faltered forth
Consent—yet indistinct and low—
And mental reservation still
Attaches to the last "I will!"
H. K. GWYN.

A Pasteurized Razorium.

IT was but a few centuries ago that the tonsorial and medical professions were hand in glove as it were. The barber's chairs and the surgeon's operating table were in the same shop. Surgery and barbery were branches of the same profession. But the tendency toward specialization of talents was responsible for their drifting apart, and since the barber began to confine his operations to the head and face, his profession has made but little progress from a scientific standpoint, while that of the surgeon has steadily advanced until there is no longer the semblance of relationship between the two. But the science of barbery is destined to make rapid strides in the twentieth century. It is no longer to suffer from arrested development. The barber is to become a man of parts. He has been a mere loquacious automaton long enough. In some States of the Union a man must pass an examination before a State Board of Examiners before he is permitted to wield the implements of the tonsorial art, and the fact is receiving recognition that there is great room for improvement in the sanitary features of the barber's shop. In the city of Baltimore the science of barbery has already given evidence of advancement. A Razorium was recently opened there which has been termed a Pasteurized Temple of Barbery. It contains sixteen "aseptic" chairs, which are perforated, and the parts which come into contact with the hands are made of glass. Complete security from contagious diseases is guaranteed by an elaborate code for a sterilized shave. Razors are strapped and sterilized before using. Cups, shaving brushes, hair brushes and combs are sterilized before using. The barber washes his hands in an antiseptic fluid and wipes them on a sterilized towel. He even applies the powder with the end of a sterilized towel, which is not to be redipped in

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meat renders them capable
of immediate absorption and
assimilation into the system.

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Elderly Ratepayer—Can you let me have one of the latest novels?
Librarian—Very sorry, but you can see for yourself that they're
all in use.—"Pick-Me-Up."

the powder after being once used. These are rules which shall in the course of time be adopted in every first-class tonsorial establishment, and when they are, the barbers will find that their patronage has been increased, for then men will have less reason for shaving themselves. In the Baltimore temple are many conveniences and elegancies, such as the chiroplast and manicurist's departments, glass cabinets for shaving mugs, oval mirrors suspended over each chair, which the artist pulls down to afford you "a complete back view."

The White Plague.

One-sixth of all Deaths Due to Consumption.

It Ravages Spare No Class—Rich and Poor
Alike Fall Its Victim—How This Dread
Trouble May Be Prevented.

Consumption has been well named the great white plague. One-sixth of all the deaths occurring in Canada annually are due to the ravages of this terrible disease. Its victims are found among all classes, rich and poor alike succumb to its insidious advance. Only a few years ago the victim of consumption was regarded as incurable, and horror-stricken friends watched the loved one day by day fade away until death came as a merciful release. Now, however, it is known that taken in its earlier stages consumption is curable, and that by a proper care of the blood—keeping it rich, red and pure—those who are predisposed to the disease escape its ravages. Consumption is now classed among the preventable diseases, and those who are pale, easily tired, emaciated, or show any of the numerous symptoms of general debility should at once fortify the system by enriching and purifying the blood—thus strengthening not only the lungs, but all parts of the body.

Among those who have escaped a threatened death from consumption is Mrs. Robert McCracken of Marshville, Ont. Mrs. McCracken gives her experience that it may be of benefit to some other sufferer. She says:

"A few years ago I began to experience a general weakness. My appetite was poor; I was very pale; was troubled with shortness of breath and a smothering feeling in my chest. Besides these symptoms I became very nervous, at times dizzy and faint, and my hands and feet would get as cold as ice. As the trouble progressed I began to lose flesh rapidly, and in a short time was only a shadow of my former self. I had good medical treatment, but did not get relief, and as a harsh cough set in I began to fear that consumption had fastened itself upon me. This was strengthened by a knowledge that several of my ancestors had died of this terrible disease. In this rather deplorable condition I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I at once procured a supply, and had not taken them long when I noted a change for the better. By the time I had taken six or eight boxes I was able to move around the house again, and felt better and stronger in every way. I continued the use of the pills until I had taken a dozen boxes, when all my old-time strength and vigor had returned, and I was as well as ever. During the time I was using the pills my weight increased twenty-six pounds. Several years have since passed, and in that time not a symptom of my former trouble has made itself apparent, so that I think I am safe in saying that my cure is permanent. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I strongly advise ailing women to give them a trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic and not a purgative medicine. They enrich the blood from the first dose to the last, and thus bring health and strength to every organ in the body. The genuine pills are sold only in boxes with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper. If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post-paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

The Written Excuse

The following specimens of communications received by teachers from the parents of their pupils are not unreasonable: "Please excuse my boy being absent on Friday," ran one of these missives, "as his aunt was buried, and it will not occur again." "Please enter my two boys in your school," was a note received on a Monday morning by a schoolmaster at —. Another teacher had the following from the mother of a child who had been attending a physiology class: "Please do not learn my little girl no more about her inside, because it does her no good, and is rude."

What Shall We Eat

To Keep Healthy and Strong?

A healthy appetite and common sense are excellent guides to follow in matters of diet, and a mixed diet of grains, fruits and meats is undoubtedly the best, in spite of the claims made by vegetarians and food cranks generally.

As compared with grains and vegetables, meat furnishes the most nutriment in a highly concentrated form, and is digested and assimilated more quickly than vegetables or grains.

Dr. Julius Remousson on this subject says: Nervous persons, people run down in health and of low vitality should eat plenty of meat. If the digestion is too feeble at first, it may be easily strengthened by the regular use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal. Two of these excellent tablets taken after dinner will digest several thousand grains of meat, eggs, or other animal food in three or four hours, while the malt diastase also contained in Stuart's Tablets cause the perfect digestion of starchy foods, like potatoes, bread, etc., and no matter how weak the stomach may be, no trouble will be experienced if a regular practice is made of using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they supply the pepsin and diastase so necessary to perfect digestion, and any form of indigestion and stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach will be overcome by their daily use.

That large class of people who come under the head of nervous dyspeptics should eat plenty of meat, and insure its complete digestion by the systematic use of a safe, harmless digestive medicine like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, composed of the natural digestive principles, pepsines and diastases, which actually perform the work of digestion and give the abused stomach a chance to rest and to furnish the body and brain with the necessary nutriment. Cheap cathartic medicines masquerading under the name of dyspepsia cures are useless for relief or cure of indigestion, because they have absolutely no effect upon the actual digestion of food.

Dyspepsia in all its forms is simply a failure of the stomach to digest food, and the sensible way to solve the riddle and cure the indigestion is to make daily use at meal time of a safe preparation which is endorsed by the medical profession and known to contain active digestive principles, and all this can be said of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

All druggists throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain sell them at the uniform price of fifty cents for full treatment.

Tale of a Tipper.

He tipped the porter on the train.
He tipped the waiter when he ate;
He tipped the able-bodied man
Who tossed his satchel through the gate.

He had to tip the chambermaid.
The buttoned bell-boy, too, he tipped
For that the waiter was dead,
To thoughtless fools who freely tipped.

He had to tip for sleeping;
He had to tip for things to eat;
He had to tip to get a chance
To occupy a decent seat.

They made him tip to get the things
He paid enough for at the start.
For bringing the waiter back to life,
Of some sharp-fanged thing at his heart.

And while he tipped they fawned on him
And stood in smiling groups about,
But when his change was gone, at last
They turned and coldly tipped him out.
—Chicago "Times-Herald."

Some Odd Love Affairs.

PEOPLE occupying exalted stations, or who have achieved celebrity in some form or other, now and then pass through life without being aware that among their crowd of worshippers was some gifted individual, afterwards as famous, if not quite in the same way. Age, sex, great difference in rank constituted the impassable barrier, and years had to roll by, and death to come, before the raking out and publication of memoirs proclaimed that the admiring ones never told their love to the object of it, but merely confided in persons around, or in pens, ink and paper.

The Brontës adored the great Duke of Wellington. Charles Dickens was desperately smitten with Queen Victoria when that august lady was a spinster to the extent of affecting to wish that his body could be entombed on the Marble Arch, which once stood at the entrance of Buckingham Palace, so that her Majesty could often drive under it when in town. George Eliot declared that she fell in love with Prince Albert on seeing him one night at the opera. The late Duke of Hamilton was wildly worshipped by Marie Bashkirtseff when she was still a child. Of the above-named celebrities only

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Madame La Belle
(PRENNER'S)
Testimonial No. 2
Telling of work accomplished in
Toronto since June 1st.

January 18th, 1901.

I am a girl working at a boarding house in this city, and I have had pimples on my face for thirteen years and have tried every remedy I could think of and have tried about five different doctors, but none of them could do me any good. I tried some of the specialists in Toronto, but all failed, so seeing Madame La Belle's advertisement in the paper I made up my mind to try Madame La Belle, and she has cured my face completely. The people in the house think that I look ten years younger.

M. BEFOURD, 215 John Street, Toronto.

LADIES who have failed to consult Madame La Belle are missing the best part of the season. Madame is well aware that Canada has many pretty women, but they can be made still prettier by getting their lines, wrinkles, crowfeet, pimples, freckles, etc., removed by this grand method of dermatology whose work is guaranteed.

Consultation Free. Ladies out of town invited to consult on Health and Beauty free of charge.

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What They Call News Nowadays.

We clip the following enormously important paragraph from the columns of an esteemed daily contemporary:

"The late Miss Frances Willard's Angelica, Toots, which is dying of old age, will, after death, be cremated at an aristocratic cat asylum in Chicago. Myrrh and frankincense will be sprinkled over the body."

We have also received the following report of a somewhat similar occurrence:

"Hezekiah Stirk, a well-known Sussex farmer, who is still alive and much engaged in kicking, recently had a bullock die, suddenly struck by some hard instrument—resembling a poleaxe. After death the tail was uncoupled, boiled, severed at the joint, and attended by a numerous following of potatoes, and sprinkled with pepper and

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Music.

ON Sunday last the "grand old man" of Italian music, Giuseppe Verdi, passed away, at the ripe age of eighty-eight years. One may say without fear of successful contradiction that he was the most popular operatic composer of the nineteenth century. Despite the formidable rivalry of Wagner, Gounod and Meyerbeer, he easily distanced these artists in the race for universal favor. Wagner's operas are well known in Germany, and are represented at intervals in the large capitals of the world, whereas there is scarcely an opera house in existence where the best of Verdi's operas have not been produced. Meyerbeer is almost forgotten, and Gounod seems to be remembered on the stage by but one work, namely, Faust. In accounting for one of the reasons of Verdi's popularity—I cannot do better than quote from an appreciative criticism of his music written by his fellow-countryman, Signor Mazzucato. "If one," says the Signor, "means to give something to another, one must give what that other is able to receive, and give it in the fittest way. And this is what Verdi has done during all his musical career; and his manner of thinking, feeling and living made it quite natural to him. Verdi felt more than he learnt that rhythm, the human voice and brevity were the three



GIUSEPPE VERDI.

elements apt to stir, to please, and not to engender fatigue in his audiences, and on them he built his masterpieces. In the choice of his libretto he always preferred plots in which the majority of the public could take an interest. Wotan protecting Hunding against Siegmund's sword, with the spear on which the laws of the universe are cut in eternal runes, is certainly one of the highest dramatic situations that can be brought on the stage; but, unhappily, it is not a thing whose real meaning can be caught by everybody; while in the poems of Traviata, Rigoletto, Trovatore, even the most unlearned men will have no trouble in bringing home to themselves the feelings of the dramatic personae. Verdi will always rank among the greatest composers of operatic music of all ages, and amongst all nations, because seldom, if ever, is to be found such power and truth of feeling expressed in a simpler or clearer way."

To these remarks it may be added that Verdi had a keen sense of dramatic effect, and possessed until a comparatively late age an inexhaustible vein of seizing melody, and a virile, sometimes rude, vigor, that was bound to force the attention of his hearers. The late Mr. Chorley, critic of the "Athenaeum," writing in 1846, complained that much of his music was spasmodic, tawdry and untruthful, depending on musical effects of a lower order and coarser quality than those of any Italian predecessor; that he altogether failed to express tenderness even in his love passages, and that often when dealing with the gentle affections he was quite unequal to the task. Mr. Chorley characterizes the part of the Buffon's daughter in Rigoletto as cold, childish and puerile, and said that the air sung by her when she retires to sleep on the evening of the outrage is but a lackadaisical yawn, and that, even in the quartette of the last act, happily combined, her share amounts to little more than a chain of disconnected sobs. Chorley died in 1872, and it is probable that he never heard Aida, which was only produced in Cairo in the preceding year. Had he done so, he might have changed his opinion to some extent and paid tribute to the increased breadth of Verdi's style, to the more refined expression manifest in this opera as compared with earlier works, and to the striking development of the composer's genius which it reveals. When one considers under what difficulties Verdi acquired his musical training and experience, it is a wonder that his music did not show more unevenness than it does. He was born in an obscure hamlet, Le Roncole, inhabited by about two hundred poor and ignorant laborers, situated in the midst of a monotonous and unlovely district. His parents were innkeepers, and the only instrument to which he could resort for his juvenile attempts to make music was an old spinnet. He received his early education at a school at which the fees were six cents a day, and when appointed organist at Roncole his salary was about \$5 a year, and his expenditure a few shillings less. Had not a fairly well-to-do citizen of Busseto, named Barezzoli, who had discerned Verdi's musical genius, taken pity on him and given him employment and promoted opportunities for the development of his talents, the world might never have had such works as Trovatore, Traviata, Aida, Otello and Falstaff. Later the Monte di Pietà, an institution of Busseto, founded for the purpose of helping promising students in science or art in obtaining proper instruction, granted him an allowance of 600 francs for two years, and he was sent to Milan to continue his studies. This was the turning point in his career, and in 1824 he commenced that long series of operas which culminated in Falstaff in 1893. In Aida and Otello, Verdi may

he said to have been successful in giving a higher, more truthful and more consistent expression to the dramatic situations, and it is still a question whether he was indebted for his progress in this direction to the influence of Wagner. In Falstaff he displayed a lighter vein and a graceful comedy humor, very remarkable at his advanced age. Of his operas composed in his prime Trovatore still retains popular favor, although it has held a permanent place in the opera repertory of the world for nearly fifty years. Despite glaring faults of construction and of inappropriate musical illustration, Trovatore contains some of Verdi's freshest, most striking, melodious and happy musical inspirations. In picturesque beauty and originality, in dramatic effect, the Miserere was never surpassed by him. It has compelled praise from hostile critics, and has been the envy of composers who rank higher than Verdi in the estimation of the cultured musical world. Verdi, it is encouraging to know, accumulated a respectable fortune, and to his honor be it said has remembered his poor and unsuccessful brethren of the profession by bequeathing most of it for the foundation and maintenance of a home for aged and needy musicians.

The artists accompanying Madame Albani from England for her tour of Canada commencing next month are Miss Muriel Foster, contralto; Mr. Douglas Powell, baritone; M. Tivador Nachez, violinist, and Mr. Frank T. Watkins, pianist, accompanist.

The spring term at the Toronto College of Music opens February 1. Mid-winter examinations will be held on February 13, 14 and 15. The new syllabus and calendar of the school may be had by applying to the secretary. A piano recital will be given at the College of Music on the evening of Thursday, February 7, by pupils of the Institute for the Blind at Brantford, the musical department of which institution is under the direction of Mr. Ernest Humphries.

At the students' recital, Toronto College of Music, last Saturday afternoon, the following piano and vocal numbers were rendered: Piano, Mendelssohn, Boat Song No. 6, Evelyn Sloan; Rheinhold, Impromptu, Beatrice Morgan; Clementi, Sonatina, Op. 36, Addie Delaplant; Heller, Tarantelle, Bessie Munns; Tchaikowsky, Barcarole, Laura Taylor; (a) Kuhlau, Op. 59, No. 3, (b) Chaminade, Serenade, Esther Graham; (a) Heller, Berceuse, (b) Bach, Prelude, Clara Biggar; Paderewski, Menuet, Minnie Dorsey; Rachmaninoff, Prelude, Georgina Knight; (a) Bach Invention, (b) Dohler, Study, Lizzie Brebber; Chaminade, Serenade, Margaret Roy; Vocal, Tosti, Mattinata, Miss C. Davidson; Bevan, The Golden Bar, Maud Bouey; Blumenfeld, Sunshine and Rain, Lexie Clarke; Sullivan, The Lost Chord, Ethel Carmichael; Liddle, Pilgrims of the Night, Florence Walton; Gray, Saviour of the World, Pauline Breckell.

Apart from the special chorus numbers of the Male Chorus Club itself at the concert in Massey Hall on February 26, great interest attaches to the work of the two famous artists engaged for the occasion, Miss Aus der Ohe and David Bispham. Of the former the Boston "Herald" recently said: "It is difficult to speak in cool terms concerning the performance of Miss Aus der Ohe. She gave a remarkable exhibition of that which is noblest and also most brilliant in piano playing. In supreme moments yesterday she swept everything before her, and there was no thought of comparison with other pianists." There is already a phenomenal subscription list for this concert, and all who have not subscribed should do so at once, as subscribers have the first choice of seats. Subscription lists are kept at all music stores and by each of the club members. Mr. David Bispham, the eminent baritone, who will also appear at the club concert, is already so well known here as to scarcely need any mention at the present time.

The general committee of the Leeds Festival have decided upon Beethoven's Mass in D and the Messiah as two of the works to be performed at their next meeting. They will also give a cantata by Bach and Sullivan's Te Deum, providing this latter work proves suitable for festival purposes.

The choir of the Church of the Redeemer will give its Twentieth Century of Praise on Monday evening next, when the well-known excellence of the choir should draw a large congregation. Mr. Schuch has gathered about him a number of friends, and will have a chorus of eighty of his best voices. Solos will be sung by Misses J. J. Thompson, Hungerford and McAlpine, and Messrs. Love and Drummond. Special choral features will be the Evening Service by Horace Reyner, organist of the Church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal, and Thou Wilt Keep Him in Perfect Peace, held to be the finest anthem written by the great Samuel Sebastian Wesley. A collection will be taken up at the door in aid of the choir fund.

The postponed concert of the Mendelssohn Choir will take place on Saturday evening, the 16th inst. After considerable trouble the executive committee of the society have succeeded in arranging for the appearance of the same artists as were announced for the date originally fixed for the concert. In addition to the numbers already announced a special memorial hymn is being rehearsed, and will be sung by the choir. The action of the committee in postponing the concert has met with the universal approbation of the subscribers to the concert, as well as the public generally. Rehearsals have been resumed, and it is expected that the society will surpass the best efforts of any previous appearance, at the approaching concert. As an indication of the keen interest which is being felt in the event by professional musicians, it might be stated that among subscribers to the concert are a very large number of choirmasters from all parts of the province. Not the least interesting feature of the programme will be the numbers to be contributed by Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield Zeltzer, the solo

pianist, and Miss Gertrude Stein, contralto. The recent triumphs of these eminent artists in various parts of the United States, where their services have been in great demand this season, prove the wisdom of the executive in the choice they have made in the selection of soloists. There are still a number of good seats to be had. The plan is now open at Massey Hall.

I have received some clippings from Melbourne papers through the courtesy of Mr. E. C. Wainwright in reference to a very successful season of opera being given in Australia by the Musgrove Opera Company. The tour is for six months. Mr. Wainwright pointedly says: "That grand opera can live for six months in distant Australia is another reminder that we Canadians are considerably behind our Australian cousins in matters musical." We are certainly beaten by Australia in the matter of opera. Judging from the correspondence in the London "Era" the Australians seem to have grand opera regularly every year. Even British South Africa seems to be better provided with opera than Canada.

Criticism seems to have been extremely frank and personal in the London journals of one hundred years ago. The "Daily Telegraph" reproduces the following notice of the debut of Signora Vincini at the opera in 1801: "Every part of the lady's personal stands the test of criticism. It is a model for the statuette; but if any parts are to be selected for peculiar praise, they are her arms and shoulders, than which nothing can be more beautiful." This panegyric, we are told, together with descriptions of the singer's eyes and teeth, precedes all reference to her voice.

The popularity of Scotch music and of the Caledonian Society was convincingly attested on Friday night, when an audience of twenty-eight hundred people assembled at the Massey Hall on the occasion of the Burns Anniversary Concert. The star of the evening was Miss Jessie Niven MacLachlan, the Scottish soprano, who came heralded as "the pet of royalty and the pride of Scotland." It is a pleasure to be able to admit that Miss MacLachlan is not only a charming singer, but a most sympathetic and vivid interpreter of purely Scotch songs. She has a very rich musical voice, and sings with the assurance and finish of the trained vocalist. Singers who have been advertised as special interpreters of Scotch lyrics have been found as a rule to be crude vocalists, but with plenty of elemental force, and a certain national aptitude for expression in their native music. Miss MacLachlan, however, in addition to her natural resources of temperament and expression, and the advantage of thoroughly appreciating the genius of Scotch music, has all the graces and refinements of the artist, and it is not to be wondered at that with such an equipment she has won the hearts of the people of the land of the heather. Miss MacLachlan had the assistance in completing a programme to which she was the principal contributor, of Mr. Ion Jackson, an excellent tenor; Mr. Donald MacGregor, a satisfactory baritone; Mr. Pax, humorist; Miss Adelaide McClelland, the talented Toronto elocutionist; the Misses Minnie Ross and Ruth Bryce, Scotch dancers, and Piper Thomas Ross. The concert was a great success in every way. The artists were most liberally encored. Miss MacLachlan raised the Scotch blood of her audience to a high temperature by her splendid and inspiring rendering of A Hundred Pipers, which made the popular hit of the evening. Her rendering, however, of two Gaelic songs may be noted as uniquely charming.

London advices state that all the seats at Bayreuth for the performances of the Ring des Nibelungen next July and August have been sold. The fact is considered remarkable, seeing that neither the cast of singers nor the conductor has yet been determined upon. The announcement will no doubt cause a good deal of disappointment in musical circles in Boston and New York, and a large number of the usual American contingent at Bayreuth will be frozen out.

Another effort will be made in the Imperial House of Commons this session to pass a bill for the registration of qualified music teachers. The subject is beset with many difficulties, and it is doubtful whether the bill will become law. The advocates of the measure assert that it will be a protection to the public against charlatans. But in music it is at present almost impossible to decide by a system of examination who is a charlatan and who is not. The majority of the composers in Great Britain and on the Continent have never passed examinations, and are they to submit to an examination of this kind of their art in order to be allowed to continue teaching? As results have proved, many men with a lot of parrot-like knowledge and well crammed with theory will pass the test of an examination and yet remain useless as practical musicians all their lives, while on the other hand many professors who make splendid teachers of young students would be plucked. The bill, it is intended, will extend the benefits of registration to governesses if properly qualified. But unless the standard of qualification is put low, Parliament will be loth to do anything to deprive governesses of their means of livelihood. London "Truth" points out suggestively that Sir Alexander Mackenzie possesses no university degree by examination, and that the occupants of the chairs of music at Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin and Edinburgh have never passed the examination for Mus. Doc., nor have Sir George Martin, Sir Walter Parratt, Sir H. Oakley, Drs. Cowen, Elgar, Prout, Cummings, Nicks, Hopkins and Sinclair. Will these eminent musicians have to pass an examination in order to continue teaching? There is a suggestion that all teachers who have been exercising their profession for two years shall be admitted to registration. If this should be carried, the bill will be brought to a "reductio ad absurdum." My own opinion is that all musical examinations should be optional, and the public can choose for themselves between

the certificated and the uncertificated. This is practically the system in vogue in Canada. The possession of a certificate by no means guarantees the possession of qualifications for teaching. We have all met the certificated teacher of the piano or violin who has not the faintest idea how to instruct, nor even a sound elementary knowledge of the methods for their instruments.

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Social and Personal.

Miss Muriel Atkins has just returned from a visit to New York, where the charming little Canadian was much fêted and admired.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Archer, Huron street, to Mr. Goldwin Colley Foster of the Imperial Bank, Montreal, eldest son of Mr. C. C. Foster of this city.

At the regular meeting of the Art Study Club on Monday afternoon, January 28, papers were read on "Murillo" and "Minor Spanish Artists." The meeting was held, as usual, in the Examiner's Room of the Education Department.

The East End Euchre Club will hold their postponed meeting next Monday night at the residence of Mrs. J. F. W. Ross, in Huntley street. The annual concert of the Medico Literary Society will be held next Tuesday evening in the Normal School hall. Very pretty and patriotic little notices have been received by friends.

Mrs. A. F. Pirie (nee McCausland) died at her home in Dundas from an attack of pneumonia a few days since. Mrs. Pirie was a bright Toronto girl not many years ago, and her happy married life has been most suddenly ended, leaving a sorrowing husband and several dear little children, to whom, as well as to her relatives here, all sympathy is expressed.

Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen and her mother, Dr. Emily Stowe, have gone to Florida. Mr. Harry Totten, who is in Dr. Walker's hospital with sciatica, is doing nicely. Mrs. Anglin is visiting Mrs. Falconbridge. Miss Aileen Anglin and Mr. F. Anglin are also visiting relatives in Toronto.

Sombre and without any of their former brilliancy will be the openings of the Parliaments of the Dominion and Ontario Houses. Next Wednesday has been fixed for this ceremony, both here and in Ottawa. It is a sad and dull time, indeed, and the whole country seems depressed. This is most unfortunate, considering the peculiar nature of the disease which is just now prevalent, and which, Heaven knows, brings depression enough which cannot be avoided, and needs a strong will to combat. While we can scarcely deny a feeling of sadness and loss when we think of the event which is regretted everywhere to-day, we should also reflect on the uselessness and probable hurtfulness of gloom to sick people.

Mr. Finucane, that jolly and clever Irishman who was so popular in society, and so well liked also in banking circles, left on Wednesday for Calgary, where he has gone

on promotion, under order of the Bank of Montreal. His chums will miss him sadly in Toronto, and some of them gave him a couple of rousing send-offs a few evenings since.

On next Tuesday evening a benefit concert in aid of the family of the late Mr. Peter McIntyre will be held in the Pavilion. Mr. A. F. Webster and Dr. E. Herbert Adams have tickets for sale.

Dr. Parry of Grace Hospital is off duty, a victim of grippé. Dr. Carveth is quite well again, after several weeks' illness. Pretty Miss Aileen Carveth is leaving shortly for England, where she will remain for some time.

On Sunday afternoon quite a number of young people responded to an informal bidding, and gathered at the tea hour in Miss Beatrice Pearson's bright home in Sherbourne street, to meet her young guest, Miss Duncan of Brantford. Some twenty or thirty young men and maidens were at this bright affair, and very much enjoyed a quiet social hour and a dainty cup of tea. Miss Pearson is always a charming and successful hostess.

Mrs. J. Anderson gave a most delightful euchre party and dance for her sister, Miss Orton, on Friday last, the hostess receiving in black and white organdie, and assisted by her graceful sister, becomingly gowned in blue silk. A thoroughly enjoyable time was spent, and the lucky winners of prizes were more than satisfied with themselves, each gift being so delicate and dainty in choice. Among those present were Miss Florrie Allison, in a dainty gown of pink organdie; Miss Quinn, in mauve; Miss Pentecost, Miss Kennedy, Miss Anderson, Messrs. Houeth, E. Mills, Couche, P. Jameson, Millman, Campbell, Kennedy and others.

Mrs. S. Murray Jarvis (nee Montgomery) and her little Toronto-born daughter have returned to Toledo, where a proud father is no doubt much enjoying the acquaintance of Miss Jarvis.

Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson and Miss Robertson are en pension at Miss Wallace's, St. George street. Mrs. and Miss Robertson will shortly return to Mexico City, where Messrs. Percy and Ford Robertson are now engaged in business.

Mrs. Herbert Greene and her mother have been spending a fortnight at the Welland Hotel, St. Catharines. Mrs. Macbeth of London and her daughter, Mrs. Niven, are also taking the baths there. Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Macdonald are returning immediately from a pleasant sojourn at the Welland. Major and Mrs. Macdougall returned the beginning of last week. Dr. Fotheringham, who had a nasty attack of grippé, went over to St. Catharines last Saturday. Mr. W. D. Macpherson, who was a grippé convalescent, was recalled from the Welland to Toronto on Saturday last by the illness of his little daughter, who had pneumonia.

A quiet wedding was celebrated on Tuesday, January 22, at one o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. M. E. Quigley, 613 Spadina avenue, which, owing to a recent bereavement in the bride's family, was witnessed by relatives only. The contracting parties were Miss Louise McKibbin, daughter of the late Mr. George McKibbin of Spadina road, and sister of Mrs. Quigley, and Mr. Arthur Pantou, barrister-at-law of Stratford. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. W. Pantou, father of the bridegroom. The bride was given away by her brother, Dr. R. E. McKibbin of Vancouver. The bride, who wore her travelling gown of gray cloth and toque of velvet and stone marten, was attended by her niece, Miss Maude Quigley, prettily attired in pearl gray, and carrying a bouquet of roses. The drawing-room was very attractive, being decorated with rose palms and smilax, the dining-room also being decorated, where a dainty wedding breakfast was served. Mr. and Mrs. Pantou left by the afternoon train for Buffalo and the East, where they will spend a couple of weeks before taking up their residence in Stratford.

The residence of Mr. Duncan McKinlay, 58 Brock avenue, was the scene of a very pleasant gathering on Saturday evening, the 24th inst., the occasion being the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. McKinlay. A large number of friends enjoyed the hospitality of the host and hostess. The table was beautifully decorated. The music rendered, vocal and instrumental, was excellent. Mr. and Mrs. McKinlay were the recipients of many handsome presents. Amongst those present were Rev. and Mrs. A. Logan Geggie, Veterinary Surgeon-Major Hall, Sergt. and Mrs. White, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Gorrie, Mr. and Mrs. John de Gruy, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sumnerfield, Mr. and Mrs. A. Duff, Mr. W. and Miss L. McBratney, Miss Laura Rowntree of Weston, Miss Ethel Dodds of Bolton, Mrs. J. Carveth, Mrs. T. J. Gilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bennett, Miss Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Muir.

Mrs. George T. Marks, of Port Arthur, who is spending the winter in Toronto, is at the Arlington, and will receive on Thursday.

Mrs. Alex. Short of Beaconsfield avenue leaves on February 4 for a six weeks' visit to Ottawa and Montreal.

Something Unique.

Unique amongst the mourning emblems displayed in Toronto are those to be seen in the windows of Tyrrell & Co.'s book shop, King street. The conception here is artistic rather than commercial, and it is well carried out. One window represents something of the intellectual side of the Victorian era. In it are tastefully arranged busts of Tennyson, Ruskin and Salisbury, with a large picture of the Queen and an illuminated copy of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." In the other window one sees Britain's territorial progress typified. There is a

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—N.Y. Times Sat. Review.

W. J. GAGE & Co., Limited, Toronto.

large atlas open at a map of the world, and a framed copy of the coats-of-arms of all countries under the British flag. Above are busts of Generals Roberts, Kitchener, Buller and Baden-Powell, and below those of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra on either side of an illuminated copy of Sir Walter Scott's famous lines on patriotism. The drapings of the two windows are of purple. The whole forms a very attractive and suggestive exhibit.

Some people are so busy thanking God for the benefits they receive that they can't find time to pay the grocer for his share in supplying them.

Brassie—Proposed to Miss Green yet? Niblick—No; every time I attempt it I foible my approach.—"Town Topics."

Caller—Is Mrs. Kadippe at home? Ellen (just over)—No, mum. Caller—Do you know where she has gone? Ellen—Yis, mum. Upstairs, be the back way.—Chicago "Times-Herald."



Eleanor.

A WORD ABOUT

Morris Chairs

FIRST as to the name. They are called Morris Chairs after Wm. Morris, the famous English poet-artist, who invented them, and, great writer though he was, it is possible his name is better known to the million through his easy chair than through his books.

THERE are Morris Chairs and Morris Chairs. Ours grow in favor because we are careful to stick closely to the original idea. They are well proportioned, strongly made, softly upholstered and handsomely covered.

OUR prices, too, are eminently reasonable, beginning at \$10.50 for a handsome chair in fine oak, similar in design to the one in which the heroine above pictured is taking her ease.

ANOTHER line, with spring seats and padded backs instead of cushions, we are clearing at
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The Mid-Winter Sale, too, clips about a third off the regular prices.

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115 to 121 King Street East, and 116 Yonge Street.

Canadian Humorists.

"Acta Victoriana." PROBABLY the present generation knows of only one humorous paper published in Canada, the late lamented "Grip," which lived for some twenty odd years. Yet "Grip" was but one of a group of some twelve or fifteen such papers, the first of which was the "Canadian Punch." In Montreal were published two of the best, "Diogenes" and "Free Lance," and there were half a dozen in Toronto, as well as one in Quebec, one in Winnipeg, and a couple at the Coast. All of these were very short-lived, with the exception of "Grip," but anyone who is fortunate enough to come across a stray copy or two will find them to contain fragments of native wit and humor comparing favorably with anything in "Punch" or "Life." George Thomas Lanigan was the cleverest of the Montreal writers, and James MacCallum one of the best in Toronto. Each edited a humorous paper. Bengough, of course, needs no mention to Canadian readers. Speaking of "Life," it is probably not known to a great many that the founder and first editor was a Canadian, Andrew Miller, and that the present editor is also one of our own people, Alexander Edwin Sweet, who founded

"Texas Siftings," was also a Canadian. Others who have contributed more or less to the humorous literature of Canada, whether permanent or ephemeral, are Robert Barr (Luke Sharp), his brother, James Barr; Mrs. Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan), Palmer Cox, who created the inimitable "Brownies"; John Hunter-Duvar, author of a delightfully dainty and delicate piece of humor, "The Immigration of the Fairies"; Charles Dawson Shanley, John E. Logan (Barry Dane); Dr. W. H. Drummond, who has made the "Habitant" a familiar companion to all English-speaking Canada; William McLennan of Montreal, and a number of less important names. I had almost forgotten the late Grant Allen, in whose book of verse, "The Lower Slopes," will be found a number of very amusing quasi-scientific poems, perhaps the best of which is "The First Idealist."

Are All Reading It?

And now all the old maids are saying that they would not write such things as an Englishwoman's Love Letters to any man on any consideration, and yet they are reading it all the time and crying over it. But these protesting spinsters are not the only readers of this extraordinarily engrossing volume, the brilliant force of which is recognized by everybody with a vestige of literary taste. "I do not know who wrote it," said Mr. Murray, the English publisher of the work, "and I cannot even guess. My impression is that the letters were genuine enough, and that they were edited by a literary hand, so as to give them that perfect touch which has made them such a delight to the reading public." Truly there seems to be nothing so fascinating to this same "reading public" as a little mystery.

A Kipling Sort of Book.

The Victoria "Times," in reviewing Lord Jim, Joseph Conrad's great tale, commences by comparing it to Kipling's work, and says: "It is a breathless, rushing, Kipling sort of a book, with enough force to leave one gasping. It is as if a Niagara of words came upon one. But back of it is a real live story, a yarn to make the head swim. . . . Everyone with any pretense of being 'au courant' must read Lord Jim. It will be the book of the day, I fancy, or it ought to be."

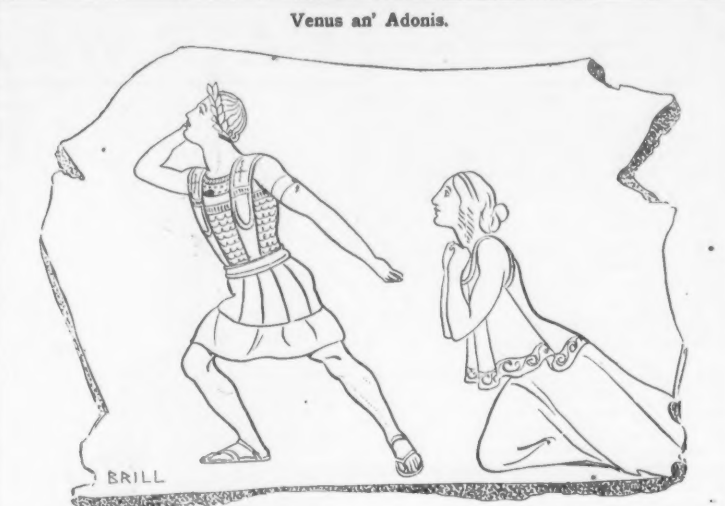
Days of Mourning.

In the days of national mourning and the general desire to give outward expression to it, a gentleman cannot more appropriately do so than in his apparel, and black, therefore, is in greater demand than it has been at any time in the country's history. Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin Block, is placing many orders on his books from gentlemen who desire to honor the dead Queen's memory in this way, and in his splendid collection of fine imported black woollens there is ample choice of fabrics for all purposes in highest class tailored garments.

A Misunderstanding.

She (to her late returning hubby):—This is a nice time to get home, isn't it? Perhaps you've been in pleasant company than mine? He—Honi soit qui mal y pense! She—That's right. Now swear at your poor wife Go on! —Plek-Me-Up.

De Tanque—My father is eighty years old and has never used glasses. O'Soague—Always drinks from the bottle, eh?—Philadelphia "Record."



Venus an' Adonis is de names of two lovey doves wot lived in a town named Greece. Adonis was a good-lookin' mug wat didn't do nothin' but chase de anis-seed, an' Venus was a goddess (wot ever 'till dat is!)

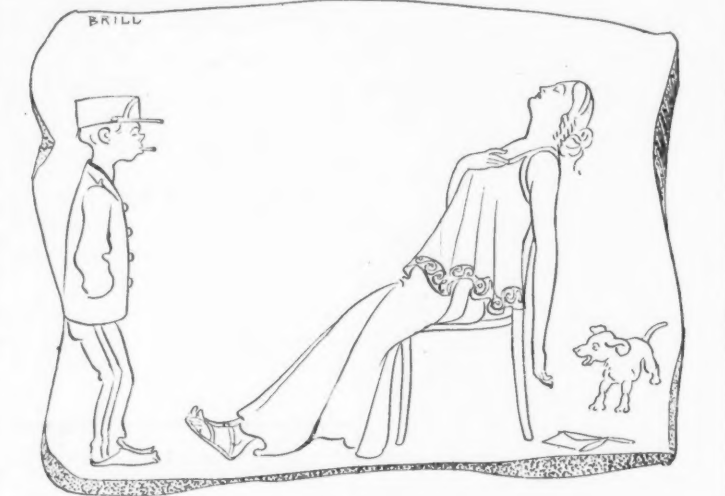
Anyhow, de goddess was dead stuck on his nob, but his goillets, bein' a good-looker, had lady frien's tu burn, so he gives Venus de frozen heart. Now, wot does de dolly do but tag aroun' after de dude anivellin' like a waste pipe, making eyes and spoutin' poetry till Adonis was sick tu his stummick.

One day Adonis had a date tu go huntin' and Venus, as usual, was 'roun, blubberin' an' sighin' an' sayin' she was sure he'd never come back; an' dat de didn't care fer his birdie no more, an' dat he mus' wrap up warm, an' not wear his short tunic an' git cold, an' mus' hurry back an' she would have some nice, new poetry ready. Adonis couldn't stand it no longer, so he up an' takes a sneak in ter de woods, an' pickin' out de biggest wild boar he could find, fights him tu a finish.

Dat night, when Venus was sittin' in de kitchen workin' tidles, de bell rung an' she gits a telegraf dat her lover's kicked de bucket.

Here is where Venus does de faintin' act, an' when she comes to, she trolleys inter de woods tu find his nob, but she gets left, fer on de spot were he squeaked, a bag er flour had sprung up.

But placin' de flour in her lovely bosom she wept an' wept over it, an' say, it didn't do a thing tu dat lovely bosom.



Stock Companies Versus Stars.

The following is part of a poem contributed to a discussion at the Dramatist Club on the relative merits of the stock and star systems:

"Stock or Star?" To my mind that's no question at all; One need not date back to the ark to recall.

The time when to go to the play was claimed, Of the time when to go to the play was Not involving the coughing up 5 plunks per seat.

For a modest half-dollar, or two at the most, "In Consule Plango." I've witnessed a host Of plays and of players so good that I ween The "stars" of to-day are not 1, 2-16.

"Stars" rubbish! They're comets who flash into sight, To soon disappear in Cimmerian night. Give me an old fogey—the old-fashioned troupe, Each able and willing to do "leads" or "supes."

To-night as a Hamlet or Romeo shine, To-morrow, sans murmur, to fill up the line Of light-hearted villagers, free from all care, Who from goblets of pasteboard quaff bumpers of air.

It was not alone what they did they did well, (The "stars" of to-day in some few parts excel), But the good, old "stock" actors—may Heaven rest their souls!—Were great in not one but in hundreds of roles.

They moved you to laughter, they moved you to tears; As "heavies" earned hisses, as "heroes" roused cheers; From Shakespeare to Morton the gamut ran through, And their work, farce or tragedy, always rang true.

"Eheu fugaces!" My memory strays—'Tis a thing of age—to those red-letter days. When a Gilbert, a Warren, a Burton or Booth, And humbly more thought it no shame, forsooth, Though the center, by right, they had On Monday—on Tuesday to come on as page 2.

When it was not considered a triumph of art To please matinee girls in a tailor, made part, But the "stock" actor—would that I recall him I could!—Was expected—and did—in to hundreds make good.

This week as "Macbeth" win your hot-palmed applause, The next on as "Toodles" compel your guffaws. But no longer, dear B., with my babble With a final request I relinquish the floor.

If, like a good whin, you my gratitude Would win you a Hamlet for your, Cast a ballot for "stock" for yours. —J. Cheever Goodwin.

Melodrama in the Future.

The American Millionaire (last act)—At last you are in my power! Yesterday I purchased all the mortgages on your dismantled castle, together with all your over-due notes and judgments against you. You cannot escape me now. If you do not comply with my demands, I shall order foreclosure proceedings at once and crush you like a worm in the dust. But do as I demand, and I will not only forget your ragged past, but will make you one of the richest and swiftest "dooks" now before the public!

The Duke (trembling)—And what would you have me do?

The American Millionaire—Marry my only daughter!

The Duke (desperately)—For the honor of my family name, I'll do it!—"Town Topics."

The woman who is in the habit of telling her troubles makes more calls than she receives.

GASTRITIS

The doctors have all sorts of names for stomach and bowel troubles, but they are all pretty much the same in character after all. Indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn, and similar troubles are more or less related, and whatever is good for one is good for the others. Hutch Tablets accomplish wonderful things in troubles of the digestive organs. The beauty of it is that you can carry it in your vest pocket. No messing or spooning! It doesn't contain injurious ingredients, either. It removes the cause. It heals the membrane of the stomach, stops fermentation, and brings about relief that nothing else ever did before. Society demands that one should eat and drink much that is dangerous to one's health. That Hutch has come to be looked upon as a remedy, no one can ignore. Sold at all druggists; 10c, 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.
Andrews—Jan. 29th, Mrs. B. C. H. Andrews, a daughter.
King—Jan. 29th, Mrs. Ralph King, a daughter.
Phillips—Jan. 12th, Mrs. Arthur J. Phillips, a son.
Wilson—Jan. 28th, Mrs. W. H. Wilson, a daughter.
De Mara—Jan. 18th, Mrs. A. H. De Mara, a son.
Hyslop—Jan. 28th, Mrs. Wm. Hyslop, Jr., a son.
Nasmith—Jan. 25th, Mrs. John D. Nasmith, twins, son and daughter.
Norrie—Jan. 15th, Mrs. W. R. N. Norrie, a son.
Jarman—Jan. 25th, Mrs. H. E. Jarman, a daughter.

Marriages.
Reilly—Stewart—Jan. 21st, Will G. Reilly to Annie Isabella Stewart.
Rodgers—McLaughlin—Jan. 20th, Chas. J. Rodgers to Maude McLaughlin.
Grobert—Fletcher—Jan. 22d, Charles H. Grobert to Mae Fletcher.
Dumble—McHugh—Jan. 21st, Wm. C. Dumble to Sarah M. Y. McHugh.
Perkins—Healey—Jan. 20th, H. Perkins to Clara Hunter Healey.

Deaths.
Brandon—Jan. 30th, Sarah Brandon, in her 47th year.
Mason—Jan. 30th, Thos. E. Mason, in his 22nd year.
Hill—Jan. 29th, Minnie Hill.
McBride—Jan. 30th, Harold Samuel McBride, in his 9th year.
Peel—Jan. 5th, John Armar Peel, in his 23rd year.
Swinerton—Eliza Swinerton, in her 75th year.
McKellar—Jan. 29th, Catharine Mary

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Clute—Jan. 28th, Mary Ann Clute, aged 78.
Cavan—Jan. 26th, Agnes Torrance Cavan, aged 62.
Cuthbertson—Jan. 24th, Willie McBride Cuthbertson, in his 7th year.
Gagen—Jan. 23th, Robert Eugene Gagen, aged 27.
Lennox—Jan. 27th, Mary F. (Dollie) Lennox.
McLaren—Mary Gates McLaren.
Nasmith—Jan. 28th, May Dowling Nasmith.
Norrie—Jan. 28th, Gordon Malcolm Norrie, infant son of W. R. N. Norrie.
Pirie—Jan. 28th, Hester E. McCauland Pirie.
Bond—Jan. 28th, George Bond, aged 64.
Ashmore—Jan. 27th, Wm. Ashmore, in his 88th year.
Hayes—Jan. 28th, Bridget Hayes, in her 64th year.
Egan—Jan. 28th, Charles M. Egan.
Hough—Jan. 29th, Andrew Hough, in his 64th year.
Leonard—Jan. 29th, Margery Leonard, in her 16th year.
Davy—Jan. 26th, Cinderella Perry Davy, in her 86th year.
Fick—Jan. 27th, Jennie Fick, in her 43rd year.
Clubine—Jan. 29th, Rev. John O. Clubine, class '96 Victoria University.

Jackson—Jan. 27th, Hugh Jackson, aged 67.
Bolte—Jan. 27th, Mrs. Emmerance Bolte, aged 51.
Carrier—Jan. 26th, Wm. F. Carrier, in his 52nd year.
Collins—Jan. 26th, Mrs. M. A. Collins, in her 72nd year.
Grass—Jan. 27th, David John Grass, in his 2nd year.
Lemon—Jan. 27th, Margaret Marshall Lemon.
McCullum—Jan. 26th, Josephine Marie McCullum.
Walsh—Jan. 26th, Marie Charlotte Walsh.
Withrow—Jan. 25th, Edith Withrow.

J. YOUNG

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